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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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VICTOR HUGO: *Bard on Olympus*

By JACQUES BARZUN

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James Boswell, author of "Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763." (See page 11)

Unrequired Reading

By IRWIN EDMAN

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A Sparkling New Album of Drawings by

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A Vital World Power

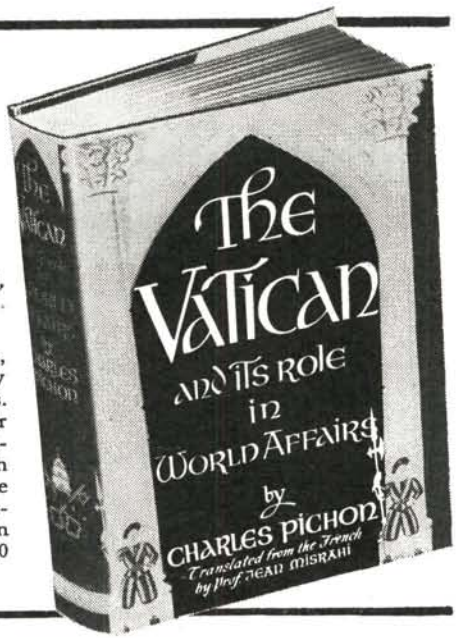
The Vatican

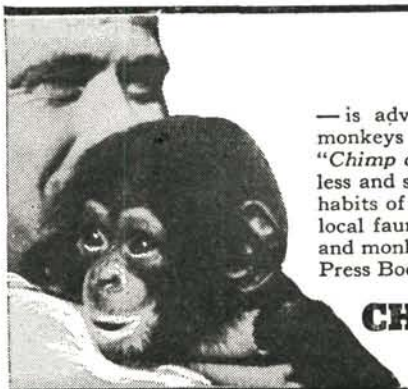
AND ITS ROLE IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by CHARLES PICHON

Translated from the French by Jean Misrahi, Associate Professor of Romance Languages at Fordham University

UNIQUE and much needed, this readable, authoritative book tells the complete story of the Vatican and its relation to world affairs. Covering 2000 years of history from Saint Peter to Pope Pius XII, Mr. Pichon explains the relations of the Vatican with external forces, both temporal and spiritual, and the position of the church on social questions, tracing the remarkable continuity and influence of the Vatican through the centuries. Illustrated. $4.50





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CHIMP on my Shoulder

by BILL WESTLEY

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc. • New York 10, N. Y. • Publishers of Everyman's Library EPD

A COLUMN OF OUR OWN

DOES the name of Rudolf Erich Raspe mean anything to you? He was one of the most striking of Eighteenth Century adventurers and perhaps you will place him when we tell you that he created Baron Munchausen. This fabulous character, Raspe, is the subject of the new biography, *The Romantic Rogue,* written by John Carswell. Poet, art critic, embezzler, liar and thief, Raspe's adventures in Germany and England make up a book that richly portrays the Eighteenth Century scene. *Munchausen,* it seems, was actually written in English and published anonymously in England after its author was forced to flee the continent to escape arrest.

A NEW and refreshing poet has written the volume of verse *All Keys Are Glass.* She is Frances Minturn Howard. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Howard is the great-granddaughter of Julia Ward Howe. She recently received Poetry Award's $1,000.00 First Prize for the best manuscript of unpublished miscellaneous verse by a writer with fewer than three already published books. This is her first volume.

A CHARACTER that will make a striking impression on every reader of contemporary fiction is the central figure in the novel, *House of Mirror.* Nona Coxhead, the author, has portrayed a woman of unusual personality in Gloria Jodwin, who was so richly endowed with talents and insight that everyone who came within her influence was never the same thereafter. Seldom has a woman's tyranny over others been more skillfully portrayed. You won't soon forget Gloria Jodwin.

HAVE you been to Paris this year? Or did you want to go? In either case there is a new book you should not miss. Eliot Paul put the case for it admirably in his review: "Henri Calet's YOUNG MAN OF PARIS is the best book I have ever read about the city most deserving of being written about." Orville Prescott describes it, in *The New York Times,* as being "so drenched in Parisian atmosphere that you can almost smell fresh bread and dusty staircases, almost feel wind and rain and heat and hear the tapping of feminine feet." Want to be in Paris? Read YOUNG MAN OF PARIS.

MOST of us would like to have more money, so it is not surprising that A GUIDE TO PROFITABLE INVESTMENT, by Harold B. Gruver, is now one of our most popular books. A vast amount of interest is being shown by women investors, which indicates that the statisticians who have been saying that women control most of the loose dollars in this country may have something after all. We also suspect that investment brokers are buying it for their customers. At any rate, it's a real treasure; it offers the reader a key to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and it sells for only $2.00. E.P.D.

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November 4, 1950

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Washington, in an office at the National Gallery of Art, Huntington Cairns, whose official title is "Special Legal Adviser to the Treasury Department," decides virtually single-handed whether or not controversial books, paintings, post cards, and motion pictures from foreign countries will be admitted to America. Being a wise and liberal judge, Cairns has seldom been challenged on decisions. What really annoys him, he told a reporter from the *Pathfinder*, is that his adverse decisions stimulate sales far more effectively than did the favorable reviews he once turned out for the *Baltimore Sun*. "I could write a notice praising a book to the skies," he lamented, "and nobody paid attention. But today when I ban a book it becomes a best seller overnight. Everybody rushes out to buy a copy." 'Twas ever thus, Mr. Cairns. When Walter Landor was operating a board-

walk shop at the Traymore in Atlantic City, he reserved an entire window for a display labeled "These books have been banned in Boston." Some of them actually *had* been banned; others represented Mr. Landor's less fortunate purchases. Eager buyers snapped them up indiscriminately at prices that even made Landor blush occasionally. There was a new one shorn every minute.

• • In Philadelphia, Lippincott received the manuscript of James Ramsey Ullman's new novel, "River of the Sun," a tale of the Amazonian jungle, sold it to the Book-of-the-Month Club, put it aside to head their spring list.

• • In Texas, Frank Goodwyn, of the fabulous million-acre King Ranch, signed to write its history for Crowell. Boyce House says the King Ranch is so big the hands started for town to vote for Teddy Roosevelt one day and arrived just in time to cast their ballots for FDR. And for his fourth term, at that.

• • In Chicago, a mail-order book house, assiduously peddling a warmed-over marriage manual, sent out half a million circulars captioned "Do you know how to hold a wife?" One return card came from Alcatraz Prison. It read, "I found an effective way around the neck, but it shouldn't be overdone. Kindly note change of address."

• • In the Umzikuli Valley and Johannesburg, South Africa, locale of Alan Paton's memorable "Cry, the Beloved Country," Alex Korda is actually filming the screen version against the authentic background. Canada Lee has the role of the Zulu parson, Stephen Kumalo.

• • In Korea, writes cosmopolite Jamie Hamilton, the name of President Syngman Rhee's premier, General Bum Suk Lee, has won the favor of British and American troops alike, and Peter Fleming is angling for his biography.

• • In Tyler, Texas, Ida Goldsmith was interrupted while writing a September book review for the *Courier-Times* by her maid's excited report, "Ma'am, the Dodgers and the Braves finished their double-header, and the Dodgers won BOTH HEADS!"

• • Aboard the *Queen Mary*, Somerset Maugham disclosed all the plans he had made to help exploit his new motion picture, "Trio." Asked why he had not performed similar services for his books or other films made from his stories, Maugham answered simply, "Why? Nobody ever asked me!"

• • In Marlboro, Vermont, Charles Jackson is conducting courses on the modern novel and practical writing four days a week. The other three he spends at Orford, New Hampshire, working on his own new book, "What Happened." Farrar, Straus will publish it in the fall of 1951.

• • In New York, Ernest Hemingway told Harvey Breit (a brilliantly reported interview, by the way), "They talk about nothing happening in 'Across the River,' but all that happens is the defense of the Lower Piave, the

breakthrough in Normandy, the taking of Paris, and the destruction of the Twenty-second Infantry Regiment in Hurtgen Forest plus a man who loves a girl and dies. . . . Should I repeat myself? I don't think so. You have to repeat yourself again and again as a man but you should not do so as a writer. . . . Who the hell wants fame over a week end? All I want is to write well."

• • In New Orleans, glamour-queen Kay Archer, of Maison Blanche, had a hat fashioned from jackets of new books by local scriveners, commented, "Their words have gone straight to my head."

• • In the Doubleday office, Dale Kramer signed for a book about *The New Yorker* magazine. If he can pin down on paper the mechanics of that editorial staff and "business" department, not to mention the elusive personality of brilliant boss-man Ross, he will be succeeding where dozens before him have bogged down in hopeless frustration. Ross, meanwhile, marches again on the Broadway stage in Wolcott Gibbs's hilarious and not-to-be-missed "Season in the Sun." It is rumored that all the actors who have played the part of Harold Ross on Broadway are planning an alumni association, meeting at Madison Square Garden in winter, and the Yankee Stadium in balmier weather.

• • In Chicago, the *Tribune*'s Fred Babcock proudly pointed out that two of the most prominent book columnists in New York actually were born in Illinois—Dave Dempsey in Pekin and John Hutchens in Hinsdale. Babcock himself is a native of the famed metropolis of Ord, Nebraska.

• • In Dallas, the last line of "The Lusty Texans of Dallas" was banged

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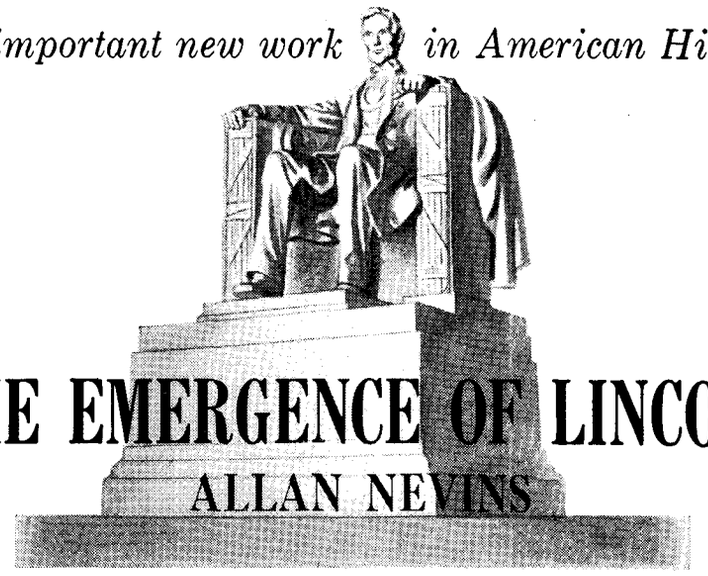

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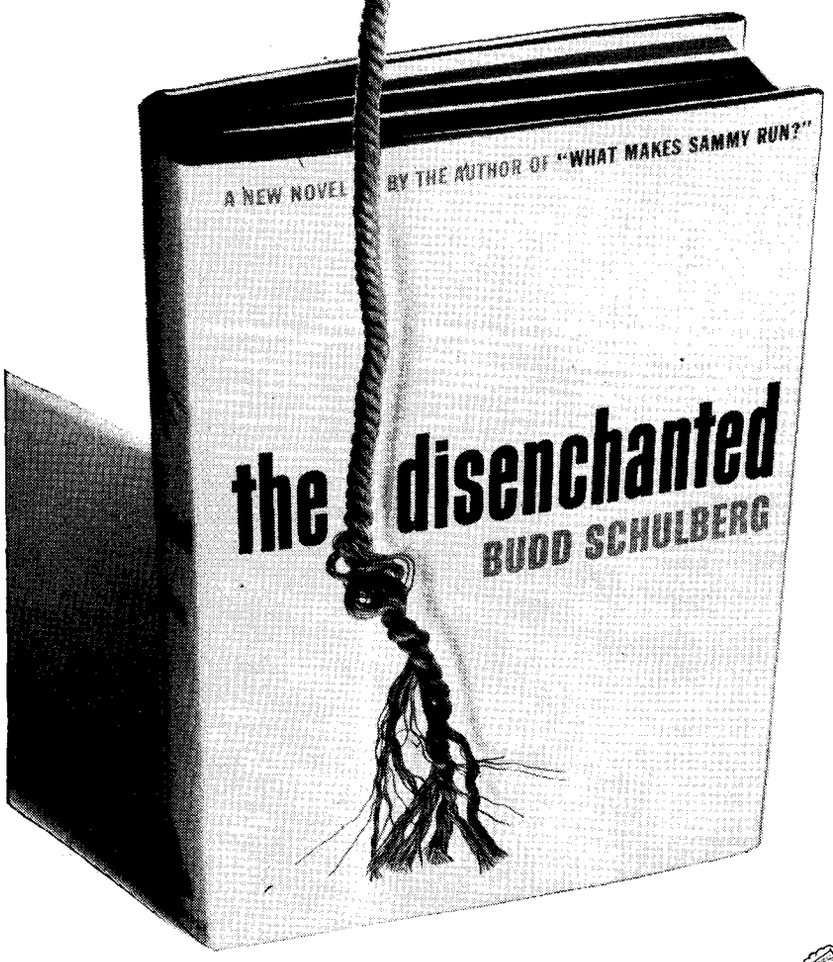

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out on the typewriter by lusty John William Rogers, and the manuscript forwarded to E. P. Dutton in an asbestos wrapping.

• • In Hollywood, Jimmy Durante was one of the few great personalities who wouldn't hear of any ghost writer hacking out his "autobiography." "Everybody knows what I does to the English language," he explained to Maurice Zolotow. "When I goes to work on an infinitive, I don't just split it; I breaks it up in little pieces."

• • In Bagdad, Jack Iams, author of "A Shot of Murder" (Morrow), shared a railroad compartment with a Kurd who introduced himself as "The Qaimiqam of Sinjar" (that's right: no U's after those Q's). This led to the composition of numerous unquotable limericks, but Roberta Lanouette, of Station KGW, Portland, Oregon, contented herself with suggesting this title for a new thriller: "Behind the Iams Kurdan."

• • In Virginia City, Reggie Vetrano, proprietor of the flourishing Railroad Bar, has removed his roulette wheel and installed in its place a book bar stocking local authors exclusively. Says Vetrano: "I can make more out of Beebe and Clegg's 'Legend of the Comstock Lode' and Walter Van Tilburg Clark's 'The Watchful Gods,' than I ever could on gambling—even when 'zero' came up." If he wants to extend his operations to Brooklyn, several attractive corner locations, recently vacated, are available to him.

• • In Beardsville, Ulster County, Hughes Mearns commemorated a literary impasse with this brief poem:

It was a famous legal fight,
It junked a whole edition.
The author quoted from himself—
But would not give permission.

• • In Hollywood, Leo Guild suggested Freud's "Introduction to Psychosomatic Neuroses and Its Effect on the Subconscious Pattern of Man's Traumatic Psyche" to Warner Brothers' story editor. A week later he asked if the editor had read it yet. "Read it," cried the editor. "I'm only half way through the title."

• • In New York, Editor Saxe Commins prevailed upon a beautiful authoress to be his guest at luncheon, but later she confided, "That's the last time I ever go to eat with an editor. He blue-penciled three-fourths of my order."

—BENNETT CERF.

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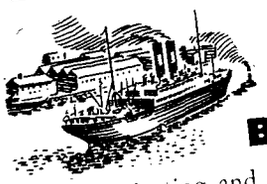

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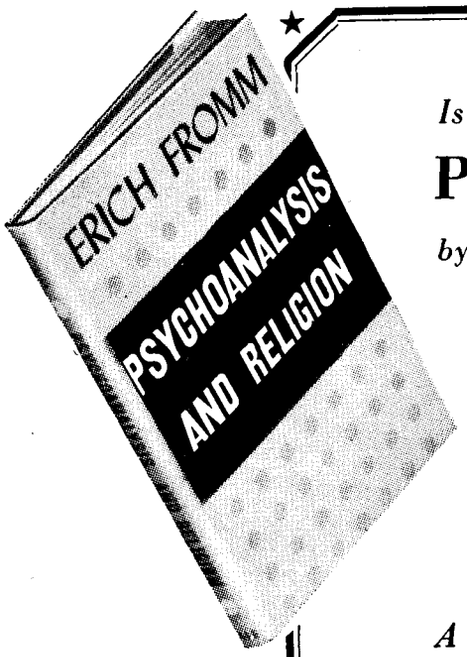

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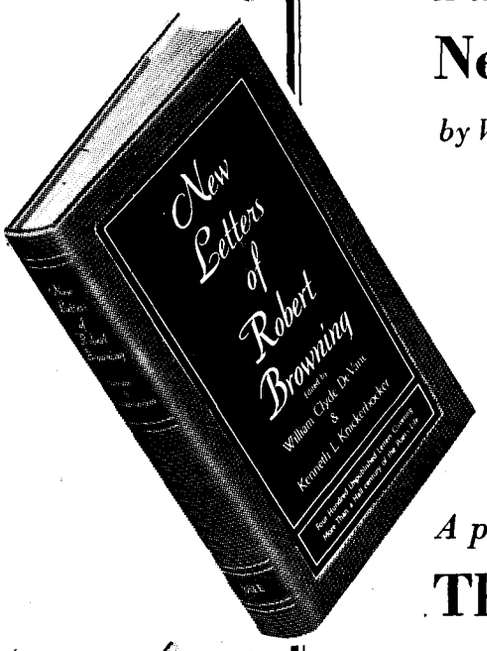

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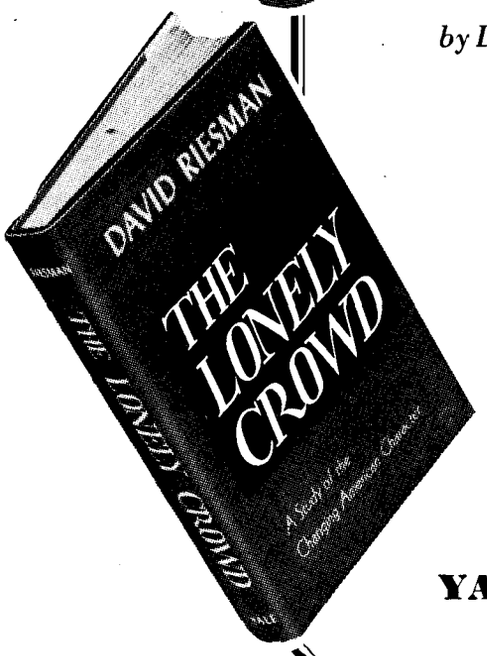

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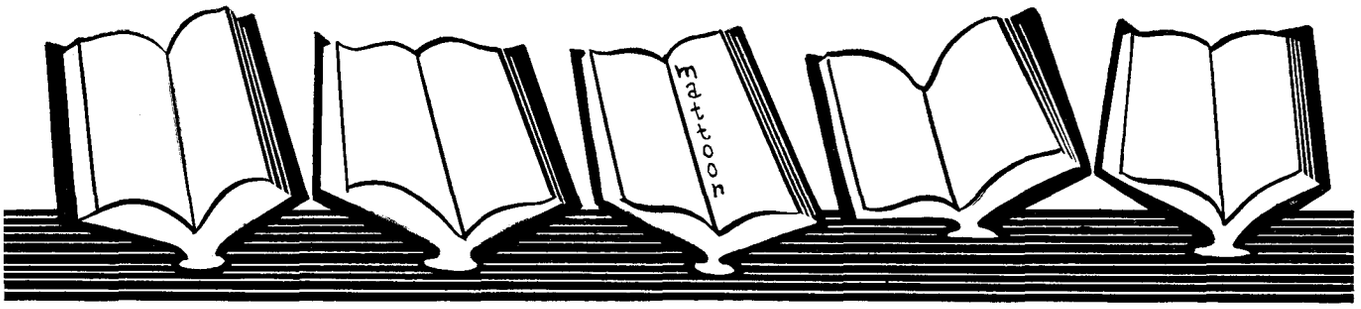

Unrequired Reading

IRWIN EDMAN

—*Arni.*

Irwin Edman

THE title of this essay may strike you as a typographical error. You may be saying to yourself that the writer really means required reading, and the phrase conjures up for you, I suspect, lists distributed on the first days of college courses: Volume One of this distinguished scholar's work on the Byzantine empire in the fourth century, that brochure on the economic interpretation of the Constitution, this pundit's principles of economics, that pedant's source book.

Or, perhaps, still under the apprehension that I mean required reading, you are reminded of what by now is one of the more maddening insolences of criticism, or at any rate of book reviewing. "This," says Mr. Notability, "is a *must* book." This in the atomic age is compulsory reading. In a world of anxiety this uneasy novel is not to be passed by.

I beg of you to forget such obligations and responsibilities. To this day you have to forget that you *had* to read "Macbeth" in order to begin to remember how perturbingly moving a play it is. Hardly anyone would reread Burke's "Speech on Conciliation" if he recalled how he had to make an abstract of it in high school. For one forgets the delight in the obligation, the eloquence in the remembered pressure. In one way or another even the nonprofessional reader reads from some felt or alleged obligation, some illusion of responsibility. He reads to know or to be in the know, to acquire a mature mind, to insure peace of soul, to understand what to do when the bomb drops, or when peace breaks out. We read because we feel we must know what's what, who is who, why is why. We read because in some way it seems compulsory to know Gide and Proust and Kafka and Sartre, because existentialism is being talked about, first in the small worlds of the little reviews, and then in the larger domains of the gossip columns, the digests, the library forums at the women's clubs.

In the sociology of our culture reading has, in so far as it has at all survived television and the comic strip, survived as a form of obligation. The student, the publisher, the editor, the scholar, even those, including the ladies who feel only the obligation to be *au courant, à la page*, or knowledgeable, read, for the most part, because they have to or think they have to. Not that anyone in any of these groups has necessarily actually read all that the mandarins of literate society expect or enjoin. At college even the most industrious or conforming of us did not do, as we used to put it, all the assigned reading, despite the ominous final examinations as reasons for doing so.

Nor as adults do we read all the books we are supposed to read. We compromise by reading with care the leading book reviews. For purposes of dinner-party conversation the latter method is not without its virtues. One's mind is not cluttered up with the actual details, one's imagination is not haunted by the actual flavor of the book, and one has a good lead and a good authority on what one is supposed to say and think. This obligation to read fashionable current works, to know this year's Hemingway and next year's Toynbee, to know—or to know about—cybernetics, all this makes it almost impossible even for those who have no professional commitments and concerns with books to retain the quality and status of amateurs and to read books for pleasure, to peruse a volume for pure enjoyment, to read not for food but for love.

THE inability, including that of lack of time, to read for pleasure, is perhaps especially to be noticed among those whose professional concern *is* with books. The student, the scholar, the teacher, the editor, the publisher all have to do a good deal of reading for special purposes, in special areas, for special reasons. Even when a student enjoys his required reading in a course he still has in mind, if only half consciously, his responsibilities to a teacher and to an examination. An advanced scholar may enjoy a new monograph in his own field, but he cannot read it simply as a delighted dilettante. The chances are that if it is by a rival scholar his delight would in any case not be unqualified. Even, or particularly, if it is good he may not like it. The brochure is an instrument in his work and also a challenge to his own hypotheses and standards of criticism. He is alerted for errors, inconsistencies, and exaggerations.

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Even if it is good he cannot read it merely as a pastime. And to the specialist there is usually no time to read books outside the specialty.

The editor and the publisher are in much the same dilemma, even the most imaginative editor, and the type of publisher—not, I am told, too current—who likes books even when he doesn't like authors. He may, like Maxwell Perkins, be adventurously alert for new talent. He may be solicitously on the lookout for genius, but in reading a manuscript he has to read with the hunter's eye, the collector's zeal, rather than with the freedom of pleasure.

And yet somehow reading for the love of it persists, both among those who have to deal with books all the time and among those who read largely to keep up with the Joneses intellectually or earnestly to know the best that is being said and thought in the contemporary world or because they feel they have fallen into a rut of illiteracy, what with the demands of their children, canasta, and television. The man or woman who has to read professionally steals time, sometimes late at night, to recover the youthful and delicious pleasure of reading for its own sake. He has just read a novel of lust and pillage in the Deep South, or of neurosis in Newtown, Conn. His eyes are tired and his mind dulled. And suddenly on his shelves he sees a volume of George Borrow, and he is off selling Bibles in Spain, meeting a liberal mayor in a provincial town, who releases him from arrest because he comes from the land of the great Jeremy Bentham. He picks up Jane Austen and is in the Grand Pump Room at Bath.

To what books does one turn, what pleasures does one rediscover when one is too tired or too indolent or too rebellious to read what one must? I remember as a college student being somewhat shocked to learn that Woodrow Wilson—and, what to me at the time was worse, John Dewey—turned for relaxation to detective stories. Since that time so many eminent persons, including my own valued colleagues, have turned to detective stories, too (and written treatises on their hobby), that I have ceased to be shocked, although I have not arrived at being converted. The detective stories that are simply puzzles seem to me weariness compounded, or those tricked out with a whimsey of culture, pure drivel. There are other avenues of literature to turn to more liberating and enchanting.

THE curious fact is that quite difficult books are a relaxation and a pleasure, and complex tomes a delight when one has no immediate responsibility whatever for them. I discovered this very early as have thousands of those who began their reading young. For me the insight came in a branch library of the New York Public Library, where a librarian, Miss Lawrence by name, seeing me somewhat nearsightedly exploring the shelves, came to help me. "Are you looking for anything special?" she asked. Somewhat ashamed, I said that I was not. I was wandering in what to me was a fresh and wonderful wilderness. But I began to discover that there it was a well-organized forest, in which trees of the same family stood beside each other and which some forester had labeled with mystical numbers that indicated relationship. It was naturally the Eight Hundreds that I first wandered among. Even in a small branch library in 1910 New York there were a surprising number of books classified under literature. Close by were the biographies, and the number of novels and lives-and-times I read while I was in my early teens is astonishing to myself now that I look back on it. It is the endlessness of the number of books that both appealed to me and appalled me. At the same age when one has a good appetite physically in a parallel way one is stimulated by quantity in print, and frightened that one may cease to be before one has read everything. I think that was one of the things that impressed me about the novels of William de Morgan and Arnold Bennett, not to add Dickens and Thackeray. These were wonderful vast realms to enter into, to lose one's self in. It was here, too, that one discovered quite by accident, as Henry Adams said he discovered Beethoven by accident in a German beer garden, volumes of history and biography often simply by their title.

It is difficult to know what is so attractive about the title "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" or why it should fascinate a fourteen-year-old boy. "The Oregon Trail" was another matter; any American boy would have his mind stirred by any glance at a page of that stunning work of imaginative history. Next to quantity and variety was the joy of discovering things that because I had heard no one mention them came to me with the force of discovery. I think Hamlin Garland was for me a genuine find. I don't know that I had ever heard anyone refer to him and suddenly I came across a dusty brown book about dusty country. It was called "Main-Travelled Roads," and it gave me a sense of the Middle West more profound, accurate, and touching, I think, than I was to get from "Main Street" years later. Was it (I am quite certain it was) in the same library that I came across "Looking Backward"? It made me a Socialist at the age of fifteen and gave me my first boy's dream of Utopia. But, best of all, I discovered the books in the One Hundreds: philosophy, which dealt with first and last things (there was actually H. G. Wells's book by that title), and psychology, with its books on the working of the human mind. To this day I can never pass a branch library without a thrill of memory. This is where I learnt to read for pleasure and where I discovered the lineaments of nature and life.

I continued to learn thus in college, too, for it is in wandering around the shelves and later among the stacks that one acquires the sense that at almost any random number of library classification one may run across

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The Return

By Lenore G. Marshall

IN THE night, in thick dark of midnight
Truth returns to its home,
Discards its casuist mantle
Divests its begotten name
Bare as at birth or at death descends to its kingdom.

Down the webbed stair into coldness
Circling and bottomless goes,
Holds to no steadying handle
Seeks the clear pit that it knows,
Enters at last its own river, its own flowing house.

Ponders the skull and its logic
Learns from all that they have,
Cries to the stars, and they answer
Reaching even into the grave:
"Also the heart now, Seeker. The heart can save."

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Personal History.

Through the newly-published journal, letters, and biography reviewed here three writers reveal something about their work and even more about themselves. A month ago in these columns Christopher Morley described the lately discovered treasure-trove of James Boswell [SRL, Oct. 7]. *The volume which Mr. Morley's essay prefaces, "Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763," has now been published, the first of a promised shelfful to delight students of letters and of life. Today Hannah Whitall Smith is most readily identified as the mother of Logan Pearsall Smith, Anglo-American littérateur and snob; in the last century she was a highly regarded preacher and essayist. "Philadelphia Quaker," a collection of her letters, shows her as a refreshing human being. And Anzia Yezierska, whose tales of Jewish-American life were once widely read, gives her own story in "Red Ribbon on a White Horse."*

A Candle on a Naughty World

BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL, 1762-1763. By James Boswell. Edited by Frederick Pottle. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 370 pp. $5.

By Leonard Bacon

THE extraordinary journal of the year when the twenty-two-year-old Boswell came to London on a bootless quest (he wanted a commission in the Life Guards), met Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and dozens of others who cut a dash in letters, politics, or high society, conducted a startling number of mean amours, one of which had highly uncomfortable consequences, and consoled his frequent fits of melancholy with surprisingly mature meditations, worldy or otherwise, is and will remain one of the most fascinating and illuminating records of human peculiarity that ever ran down the nib of a pen. There is hardly a nook in the naughty world of the mind into which that little candle does not throw his beam. Christopher Morley in his fine preface remarks that Boswell is not only the greatest of biographers but also the greatest of autobiographers. And if this wonderful book were the sole remaining relic of Malahide and Fettercairn the statement would still be true. It is probable that no one before or since has examined so many of his private reactions to so many circumstances, whether trivial or no, with such painful interest and such "incomparable detachment." Boswell photographs his thoughts, feelings, motives, and acts as dispassionately as the physicist whose sensitive plate picks up the enigmatic tracks of radio-active particles. Hypnotized by his own sensibility, he watches every psychological chop and change with catlike self-possession, and at the same time watches the watcher. No wonder Macaulay, "who had read everything rapidly and comprehended nothing deeply," could not bear a man whose piercing ray went far below the surface of things dear to Claphorn.

It has been rightly observed that Boswell's genius for misadventure was only surpassed by his genius for getting his misadventures down on paper in such a way as to light up their own vagaries for his reader. When any of his schemes for "getting rich quick" comes to grief in whatever field—military, literary, social, or erotic—he shows us the substance of our own souls, while, according to the

weaker brethren, he "indecently exposes his own." But the weaker brethren may be safely ignored, for, as Professor Pottle justly points out, Boswell's creative and analytical powers, at twenty-two, were not inferior to those of the veteran, who, a quarter of a century afterward, in spite of port and melancholia, knew how to put together "the most enlightening and entertaining book" that one great man ever wrote about another. The nose of the bloodhound puppy is no more apt to be at fault than the old dog's, even if the young creature has so far only known the beginning of sorrow. Somehow it is delightful to get in touch with the bright enthusiasm, which, in spite of magnificent fits of youthful melancholy, may be said to be the lord of the ascendant. And it is not hard to imagine the breathless curiosity of Johnson, Boswell's Scotch friend to whom the Journal was sent in weekly installments, as that steady young man tore open the franked packets.

For here is Boswell—every facet of him: "now dancing merry, now like to dee" . . . Boswell chatting about the famous commission with that lady, the last of the Percys, whose husband was "Duke Smithson of Northumberland" and whose son, as Professor Pottle notes, was to hear rebellious bullets whine "by the rude arch that spans the flood" . . . Boswell at a cockfight, "sorry for the poor cocks" (not a common feeling at the time) and happy that the merciless onlookers are so miserable when they lose a bet . . . Boswell yelling with rage at the theatre because two Scots officers, just returned from *The Havana* have been insulted by the gross crowd . . . Boswell jotting down scraps of talk at Child's Coffee House and pleased by the notion that the *Spectator* had been there before him . . . Boswell dissecting his relation with the diverting Earl of Eglinton in a dialogue which makes one think of Stephen Dedalus at issue with Buck Mulligan . . . Boswell disguising himself as "a blackguard," the better to mix with the unwashed, and brawling with a street-woman, whom he sought to compel when she refused sixpence as too little for her favors (he got the crowd on his side by pretending to be a half-pay officer who could offer no more) . . . Boswell meeting Johnson for the first time, much as in the "Life," though for me this account has dew on it. (It should be noted that he records several of the Doctor's good things from hearsay before the encounter with greatness) . . . Boswell with persistence and craft overcoming the scruples of the unfortunate Louisa, who perhaps loved him, as so many people did in spite of their best

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endeavors. (This time, however, Venus exacted her penalty, and he was ill for weeks) . . . No letter known to me resembles in any respect the naive and furious epistle he wrote the poor demirep, who sent him back two pounds he had lent her, as he demanded . . . Boswell deflated, Boswell swollen like Aesop's frog . . . Boswell praying, Boswell planning a seduction . . . Boswell noticing (here Professor Pottle points out a piece of ultimate irony) that he can pray and plan a seduction at the same moment . . . Boswell swearing to reform . . . Boswell writing this journal and admiring it greatly . . . and Boswell at all time studying means to add a cubit to his dignity, which can only be done by acquiring polish, poise, and a way of speech guiltless of the accent or idiom of the North. Such magnificent, unconscious nakedness may occasionally startle the queasy, but cannot fail to charm those "who like Lear prefer to dispense with 'lendings.'"

Christopher Morley's preface presents the high history of the Boswell Papers very well indeed, going, as it does, with much fascinating detail into the discovery of the Temple Letters nearly a century ago, Professor Tinker's Columbus landfall at Malahide Castle some seventy years later, and, more recently, Professor Abbott's capture of the Inca treasure-house of Fettercairn, and the yet more recent and somewhat unexpected hauls at Malahide, not to mention Colonel Isham's remarkable role at both Malahide and Fettercairn. One tiny slip of the pen should be eliminated in future editions. Macaulay's imbecile attack was *not* originally written for the "Encyclopedia Britannica." The preposterous paradox that Boswell wrote a great book because he was a great fool was let loose in a belligerent review of T. W. Croker's edition of the "Life," and not all Macaulay's iridescent rhetoric can cover the nakedness of his absurdity.

Professor Pottle's introduction is full of unobtrusive brilliance. The account of Boswell's early life and of a London at once polished and barbarous could hardly be better done. Professor Pottle carries his immense learning as if it were a feather, and his notes are brief, instructive, and vivid. When necessary he characterizes men and women, or hits off aspects of their time in a manner which would not have displeased Boswell himself. This is a great book and it has been greatly presented. Thank God, more is coming!

Leonard Bacon, critic and poet, recently published a translation of "The Lusiads of Louis De Camoes."

Henry VIII's First Minister

THE CROWN AND THE CROSS: A Biography of Thomas Cromwell. By Theodore Maynard. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 292 pp. $4.50.

By Garrett Mattingly

ALTHOUGH Thomas Cromwell was one of the leading English statesmen of the sixteenth century, and may have had a greater influence on subsequent history than his famous namesake, Oliver, he has attracted, in the more than four centuries since his death, very few biographers. In the crucial decade of the reign of Henry VIII, the decade of religious revolution, he was the king's first minister. If he did not devise the lever by which the mighty structure of the universal church was overthrown, he certainly worked it. Nothing of political importance in the 1530's happened without his intervention, and little, perhaps, without his direct contrivance. Yet to most readers of English history he is a much vaguer figure than are scores who played lesser roles.

That may be because modern writers, like his contemporaries, have not known quite what to make of him. He slips from the grasp like a smooth, hard pebble. Most people agree with his present biographer in finding his character rather repellent but, even more, they find it opaque. Although hundreds of letters, drafts, and memoranda from his pen have been preserved and calendared, although he lived in a glare of publicity in which his words were recorded and his motives conjectured by trained observers, although Matteo Bandello wrote him up as a picaresque adventurer, John Fox as a Protestant martyr, and Nicholas Sanders as an emissary of Satan, we know very little about him. Thomas Cromwell, in his lifetime, never gave himself away, and the baffled biographer is obliged to turn from the mystery of his character to the enigmatic surface of his deeds. All we are ever likely to know about Cromwell is to be found either in the great calendar of the letters and papers of Henry VIII or in the two stout volumes of R. B. Merriman's standard biography, published nearly fifty years ago. If Theodore Maynard has added nothing to these facts, he has familiarized himself with them, and has tried to set them forth with as much fairness as his fundamental bias permits. But his approach to his subject is warmed by no compassion, and hence illuminated by no new insight. Maynard confesses that if either wholehearted admiration or hearty hatred are necessary for a successful biography he ought not to write about Cromwell, for whom he can feel neither. But what is required of a biographer is not a moral attitude towards his subject but an imaginative sympathy with it. Perhaps that is too much to ask when the subject is Thomas Cromwell. It's more than we get this time, anyway.

Theodore Maynard—"no compassion."

For an interpretation of Cromwell's life, based on the character of the man, Maynard substitutes a series of judgments on Cromwell's political career, based on the plausible but unprovable assumption that the moving force in the Henrician Reformation was not the king but the minister. And about the Henrician Reformation Maynard has no doubts whatever. It created "a schism in the soul of Europe," which is "the malady from which we suffer today." "The modern diseases of secularism, nationalism, capitalism, and industrialism" were its by-products. The revolt against the authority of Rome was evil, and only evils could come from it. In other words, Theodore Maynard writes a life of Cromwell from the straight Catholic point of view, and in doing so demonstrates that he is not one of those Catholics who need to be reproved for making too many concessions to rational skepticism and the modern spirit of unlimited inquiry.

Garrett Mattingly is professor of history at Columbia University.

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A Religious Rebel

PHILADELPHIA QUAKER: The Letters of Hannah Whitall Smith. Edited by Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 234 *pp.* $3.

By George Stewart Stokes

The initials *H. W. S.* were well known about seventy years ago—indeed one may almost say they became world-famous, as they were used as her pen-name by the American authoress of a little book which attained almost at once a fabulous circulation, both in America and England, and was translated into all the languages of Europe and some Oriental languages as well.

THUS begins Logan Pearsall Smith's brief introduction to this collection of letters written by his mother, Hannah Whitall Smith. The book in question is "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," again in the words of her son, a "little religious classic," of which "thousands of copies are printed every year." The editing of his mother's letters remaining incomplete at the time of Logan Pearsall Smith's death, the task was taken over by Robert Gathorne-Hardy, who has provided a biographical preface to the collection.

"Philadelphia Quaker" was published in England as "A Religious Rebel," a more appropriate title certainly. Although Hannah Whitall Smith was born in Philadelphia, much of her time in this country she spent outside the city, and the major portion of her life she lived in England. Assuredly as Quaker she was most unconventional, as witness the fact that on one occasion she gave her daughter Mary a cigarette holder, not because she approved of smoking, but, as she wrote to that daughter, "as thee is too old for me to forbid thee to smoke, and so I am entirely delivered from responsibility, I want, since thee *will* smoke, to help thee to do it as comfortably as possible." There are more significant signs of nonconformity, but none more delightfully startling.

"Philadelphia Quaker" is a charming book, revealing in an intimate and entertaining fashion the personality of a woman who was religious without being sanctimonious and sprightly without being coy. Covering the period from her fifteenth year to her seventy-ninth, it ranges in topic all the way from the Women's Christian Temperance Union to Derby Day at Epsom Downs. As would be expected, many of the letters have to do with religion, for in addition to being the author of "The Christian's Secret" and other writings of a similar nature, Hannah Whitall Smith was a preacher famous both in this country and in England. Curiously enough, however, the letters dealing with her beliefs—orthodox and otherwise—are not those that stand out. Rather it is those letters in which she tells of her grandchildren, of her friends, her travels, her views on worldly matters that are the most effective.

Hannah Whitall Smith: "The individual human is a wonderful thing."

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Anzia Yezierska: "Writing is everything I am."

"The individual human being is a wonderful thing to my mind," wrote Hannah Whitall Smith, "and everything that reveals it interests me immensely." It is because of this diversified interest plus the evident enthusiasm and sound common sense of their author that these letters have far more than the restricted appeal of the ordinary personal note. Witty, honest, wise, they offer as much delight and worth to the present reader as they must have given to those persons receiving them.

George Stewart Stokes, professor of English at Temple University, wrote "Agnes Repplier: Lady of Letters."

An Artist Unfrozen

RED RIBBON ON A WHITE HORSE. By Anzia Yezierska. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 220 *pp.* $2.75.

By Nathan L. Rothman

NOT too long ago most anthologists of American writing made it a point to include something of Anzia Yezierska, perhaps from "Children of Loneliness" or "How I Found America." Miss Yezierska was a particularly eloquent spokesman for the immigrant Jews of America, and her account of what America looked like to the eyes of those who came hungering for freedom fell naturally into place as part of the literary record. Her career may be said to have begun with some short stories she wrote while still working in sweatshops and learning the language. (One of them was chosen by Edward J. O'Brien as the best short story of 1919.) Then a few novels, from "Hungry Hearts" in 1920 to "Arrogant Beggar" in 1927—and silence. A hiatus of more than twenty years in the life of a writer who lived for nothing else but to write, who refused a fabulous Hollywood contract, fabulous even by today's standards, with the cry: "I can't sign it away. Writing is everything I am. . . It's my search for a meaning."

It is this experience to which W. H. Auden refers in his introduction to the present volume when he writes: "The sudden paralysis or drying up of creative power occurs to artists everywhere, but nowhere perhaps more frequently than in America." The last eight words probably hold the seeds of contention in them, as do others of his remarks. The fact is that his introduction is so generally penetrating and so comprehending of the material it introduces that one reads it again to wonder at how much he has been able to say and to suggest in eight pages. How, for instance, could Miss Yezierska's predicament, or the reason for her artistic paralysis, be better summed up than this, by Mr. Auden: "To have the desires of the poor and be transferred in the twinkling of an eye to a world which can only be real for those who have the desires of the rich is to be plunged into the severest anxiety. The foreshortening of time which is proper to a dream or a fairy story is a nightmare in actual life."

Such was the foreshortening which Miss Yezierska experienced when she received $10,000 and a summons to Hollywood for the movie rights to

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The World.

What we commonly call modern history began when the national states rose to challenge the hegemony of the Church of Rome. Never during the past five centuries has the struggle between Church and State ceased completely. At times and in places the Church has allied itself with the State, at others it has opposed it. Now, in mid-twentieth century, it is warring openly on the most completely monolithic state in modern times, Communist Russia. Four books we review here illuminate this theme: Edward L. Heston's "The Holy See at Work," Camille M. Cianfarra's "The Vatican and the Kremlin," Charles Pinchon's "The Vatican and Its Role in World Affairs," and (less directly) Cyril Garbett's "Church and State in England." . . . John Dos Passos's "The Prospect Before Us" is a stirring call for decision and action.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Liberty & Democratic Participation

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US. By John Dos Passos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 375 pp. $3.75.

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

IF JOHN DOS PASSOS ever founds a political party he can count on me as a charter member. I do not share his enthusiasm for the sociological approach to situations but I do share his respect for facts and for freedom. His latest book is dedicated to the twin causes of liberty and democratic participation, both of which are essential if human life is to remain worth living wholeheartedly.

Here is a thesis which this reviewer likes. Bigness, centralization, being done for rather than doing—these are the enemies. Whether it is the Soviet Communist state or the British Socialist state or the giant American corporation, the result tends to be the same—the dwarfing and frustrating of the individual and the loss of his freedom and interest. In many respects these three entities are more like than unlike.

Always inclined to exotic techniques, this time John Dos Passos has dreamed up the picture of a lecturer delivering a free series of addresses to a small but typical American public that serves him as a foil. Before getting to these addresses the author himself sets out the predicament of modern man, namely, the likeness of all industrial societies. If self-government is to continue, "the knot which our society must untie, or at least partly untie, if it is not to sink into the stagnation of slavery, is the problem of controlling the power over men's lives of these stratified corporations, which, whether their top management calls itself capitalist or Socialist, are so admirably adapted by the pull of centralization to the uses of despotism."

The five lectures demonstrate the argument and point to the remedy.

First comes an admirable description of the voluntary collective self-discipline of the British people during World War II.

The second lecture—"Ordeal by Government"—is a description of Britain under Socialism since the end of that war:

> Six years have passed. . . . Britain and the United States . . . have been trapped by their ally the Great Stalin into a peace as disastrous for the victors as it is disastrous for for the miserable peoples of Eastern Europe who were turned over by the millions to the imperial purposes of a Kremlin regime which honored neither faith nor charity nor pity, nor practised any of the humane palliatives which alone make life in society tolerable for man.

Quite so.

In Socialist Britain the lecturer found the food so bad as to comment that the "class-war victors are giving themselves the crowning triumph of poisoning the last remnants of the dethroned bourgeoisie." (Not to be taken literally.)

"Today the entrenched prejudices are on the side of labor. The unions have no more real respect for liberty than the capitalists once showed. What they wanted is state-controlled equality." As a result everybody "except the lowest-paid third of the population was reduced by high taxes to a bare subsistence level. . . . The people of the lowest third were raised to that level. . . . Socialism has accomplished very little more than to freeze the bankrupt capitalist economy at its point of collapse." Therefore, "under cover of Socialist and Communist illusions, the masses of mankind are being plunged back into a regime of servitude such as has not existed in the West for thousands of years."

In Part Two, entitled "Principles of Power," the lecturer describes how in the backward societies of South America industrialism is leading toward forms of tyranny, Fascist or Communist. This conclusion is based on first-class reporting in several countries—Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru. What John Dos Passos found in these places alarmed him. With people in their present condition any stalwart tyrant who offers some immediate advantages and promises heaven can get a big follow-

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ing. (Since this was written Dictator Vargas has been overwhelmingly *elected* to the presidency of Brazil.) Uruguay's genuine democracy is threatened. In Argentina the incredible Perón couple is popular despite their vulgarity and their despotism. In Chile democracy tried to cooperate with Communism and is now threatened by it. And so on.

"Political tendencies in South America are much more Fascist than Communist but as time goes on there gets to be less and less conflict between the adherents of the two systems. They help each other against the common enemy, which is freedom. Once you've mastered the technique of tyranny, it doesn't matter what you call the result." (Paging the Hitler-Stalin alliance of 1939!)

Part Three ("Dedicated to a Proposition") offers a "solution" based on a close scrutiny of what is going on within these United States. Some basic facts:

(a) When the U. S. soldiers got home from World War II they found they could hardly "go into business for themselves because of the discriminations of the tax structure against new enterprises" and, I would add, against new fortunes;

(b) whereas conditions in corporate industry are morally unsatisfactory, in certain profit-sharing or employee-owned businesses management and labor are really cooperating to raise output and income;

(c) most farming is becoming big industry with ramifications all through the economy—and getting bigger.

Conclusion: whether it's big government or big industry or big farming or big labor the result is much the same. "Do you want power or do you want a good society?"

Thesis: "Our basic difficulty lies in the fact that we have slipped from one type of obsolete thinking—old-fashioned, laissez-faire capitalism . . . into a camouflaged Socialism which is equally obsolete. . . . We are drifting toward a dangerous merger of political and economic power.

"The cure lies in increased participation. . . . The problem is how to bring it about. Every society has to be born again from time to time. . . . There are only rare moments in history when a community of men finds itself in a position to choose alternatives. We are in that position."

Maybe you see now why I want to vote for the Dos Passos Party.

Nine drawings by Micky Strobel admirably reinforce the text.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, writer of a syndicated column on world affairs, is the author of a just-published book, "Challenge and Decision."

The Thunder of Bulls & Encyclicals

THE VATICAN AND THE KREMLIN. By Camille M. Cianfarra. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 250 pp. $3.

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THERE is a good story told somewhere of Joe Stalin's sardonic brushing aside of the Pope's claim to a place in discussions of international settlements with the question "How many divisions has he?" Winston Churchill is said to have reminded Joe of some of the rather heavily armored spiritual legions which a goodly number of people believe are on the Holy Father's side. Whatever the value of the Vatican's nonmundane resources, the militant Catholicism of Central and Eastern Europe is one of the major shields behind which Western Europe is resisting Russian Communism.

Traditionally the satellite countries behind the Iron Curtain are Christian, and in that section of the world the majority of Christians have been Catholic, some Roman, some Eastern rite, some Orthodox. In Poland almost the whole population is historically Roman Catholic; in Bulgaria, either Orthodox or Mohammedan. The bitter enemy of atheistic Communism is therefore Catholicism, and since Roman Catholicism is the best organized it becomes the bitterest. This accounts for the relentlessness with which the Kremlin persecutes the Catholic Church in these nations. It is this which explains the particular drama of a Mindszenty. That the fight is inherent in Communism was shown in 1946 by the trial and imprisonment of Archbishop Stepinatz in Yugoslavia and the continuation of antireligious action even after Tito was drummed out of the Party.

Camille Cianfarra has been the Vatican correspondent of *The New York Times* since before World War II. He wrote a book about the Vatican and the war, in which he traced the Vatican's fight against Fascism and Mussolini. Now he has done it for the Vatican's present struggle against Communism. If anything, the fight is more intense, for this foe has learned from the mistakes of the previous one, has learned, too, from the methods of the other. Like so many things about Communism and Fascism the likenesses exceed the differences.

As Cianfarra tells it, this is essentially a journalist's narrative, as you would expect. In fact, much of what is here has appeared in the columns of the *Times* and other periodicals at one time or another. In this form we get a clear account of those incidents of the last five years or so which have marked the handling of religious groups by the Russian-dominated governments of Europe. Committed to the basic faith that religion has no place in modern society of the type it wants, the Kremlin has stopped at nothing to extirpate it from the lands it holds in bondage. And, it would appear, not without some success. Trimming its sails to the practical exigencies of the political situations as they differ in various places, the Kremlin has been brutal where it thought it could get away with it, has coerced in others, and wheedled in still others. For the old it has done everything to make worship difficult; for the young it has denied religious training and substituted militant atheism. Where it has seemed wise, the Communists have used the Orthodox Church, some members of whose clergy have compromised with Russian Communism, to weaken the other forms of Christianity, Catholic or Protestant. Aiming at the spiritual, it works to strip the Roman Catholic Church of its temporal powers. The big enemy here is the Vatican, one opponent which does not scare easy. And while its military power may not go any farther than the halberds of the Swiss guards, the thunder of bulls and encyclicals has something of the force of very heavy artillery.

The frequency with which the clergy are charged with being spies and agents for American and British capitalists is one clue to the interest which this book should have to those who are interested in the current struggle with Russia. We are constantly being told that the current wars, both hot and cold, are for the minds of men. It would appear that they are for the hearts and souls as well. Whether we like it or not, democracy and religion are on the same side. We will be stronger in so far as we know this and in so far as we know the nature of Communism's ways of attacking both. "The Vatican and the Kremlin" tells us something about it, an appalling story in a time of incredibly appalling things.

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A War Ago

LIFE'S PICTURE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II. New York: Simon & Schuster. 368 pp. Regular edition, $10. De luxe edition, $12.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

MORE than 400,000 copies of this book had been sold to subscribers before publication, which is heartening news indeed—there are still voids which television, blue convertibles, and canasta layouts cannot fill, and one is that 14 x 10½ inch blank space on the left side of the living-room table. This book carries no names on the title page. Opposite the title, however, are listed the twenty-one members of the "editorial task force." Theirs is a noble accomplishment.

Not that it is flawless. Flawlessness is never an attribute of an anthology except to the anthologizer. And this compilation is basically an anthology —a journalistic iceberg of which only a fraction appears above the surface.

There is an inevitable loss of immediacy and intimacy in viewing these pictures today, some of them eleven years after the event. They have frozen into history. They tend to make the reader look upon Korea not as a consequence but as a completely unrelated incident. Korea is a mere spot on the map in this book. There is no reason why it should have been anything more. Korea is the here and the now; this book is the far away and the long ago.

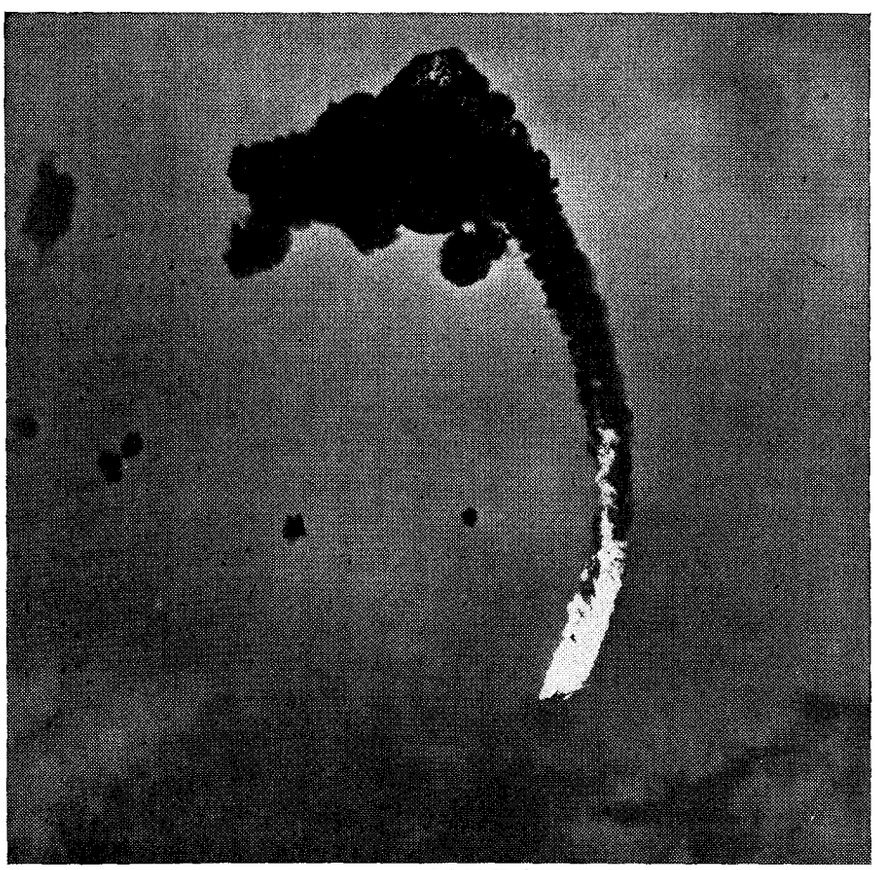
For the record, there are nearly a thousand pictures, admirably selected and superbly reproduced, and some 80,000 words of text—a running history of the war that approximates the dimensions of a not-overlong novel. Most of the text is by the *Life* staff, but John Dos Passos supplies full-page introductions to the sectional selections. He is miscast in his role of Greek chorus; a simple chronological summary by a drudging unknown would have been more useful.

"Life's Picture History of World War II" may not be the best conceivable compilation of its sort, but it is easily the best that has been produced since the war ended. For comprehensiveness it is hardly in a class with the multivolumed "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" or the "Photographic History of the Civil War," but if something of the size of those monuments were attempted today, only a few heavily endowed repositories could acquire copies.

Not least among the many virtues of this book is its conscientious adherence to the idea that the war was not an all-American endeavor.

—*W. Eugene Smith.*

A Leyte cathedral doubling as hospital for American casualties.



—*Official U. S. Navy photo, courtesy Edward Steichen.*

The USS *Hornet* stings a Jap bomber to death.

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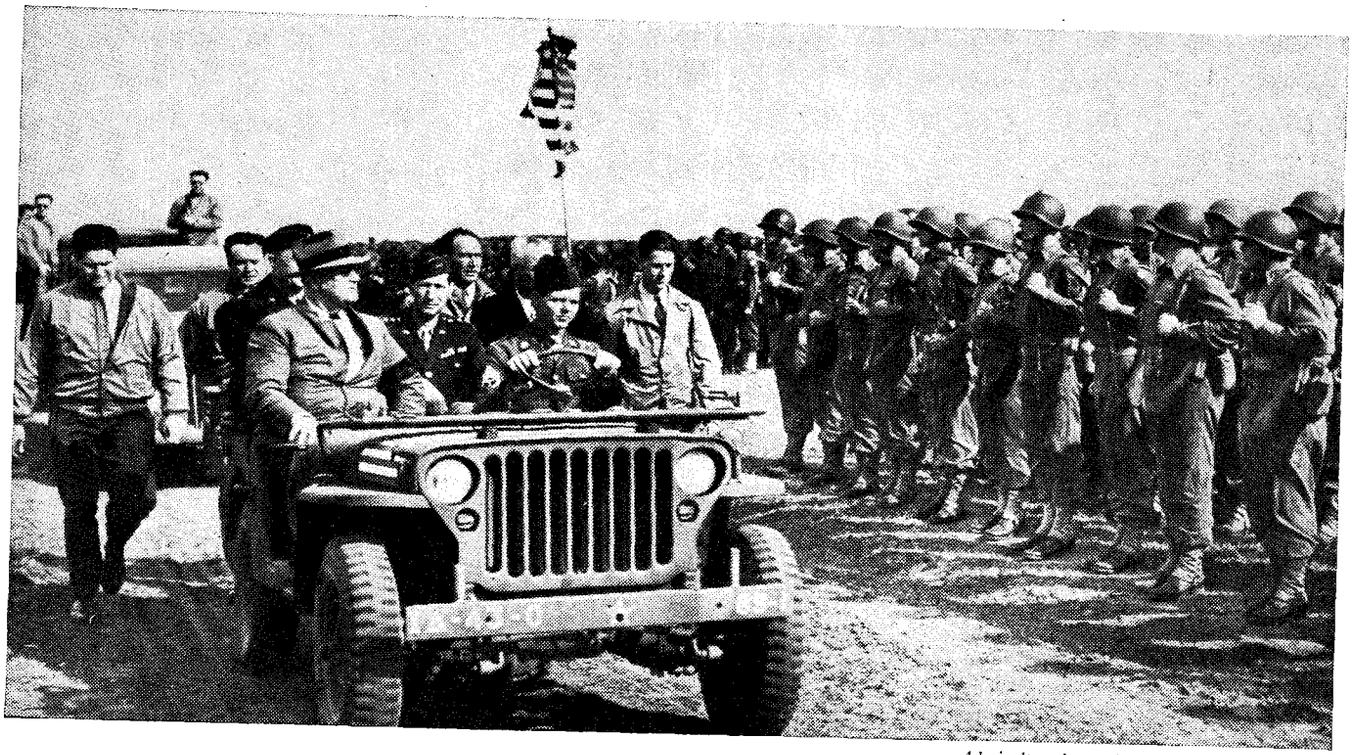
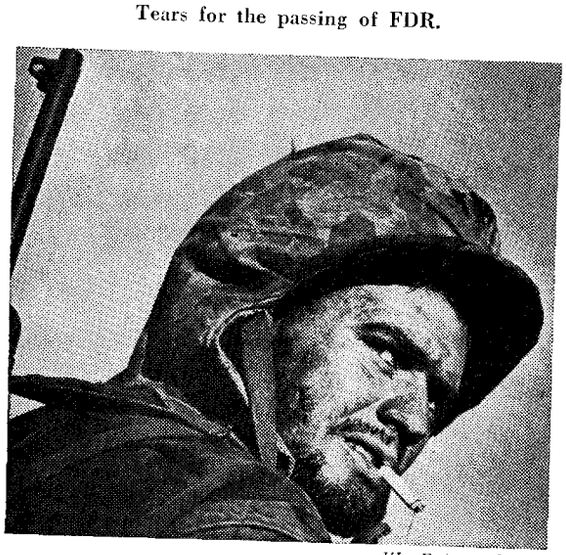


—*Admiralty photo, Crown copyright reserved.*

Roosevelt in Africa—the first President since Lincoln to enter a battle area.

—*Edward Clark.*

Tears for the passing of FDR.



—*W. Eugene Smith.*

War's end.

—*William Vandivert.*

A bus bows to the blitz.

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World Notes

DAYS FOR DECISION, by Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin. $3. This collection of Mr. Eden's political speeches and articles was, in a way, outdated well before their incorporation in book form. Most of them were designed to harpoon the Labor Government for its sins of commission and omission prior to the general elections last winter. In that sense they might be said to have given aid and comfort to British Tories and to explain very one-sidedly his party's position during what he calls the "days for decision." It might also be recalled that the decision went against Mr. Eden—even if the voters made matters uncomfortably close for the Laborites.

But in a broader sense Mr. Eden's book is something for the present and future. For one thing, although everything about this book except a few reprinted articles on foreign affairs has a decided political slant, set against the background of the current American campaign Mr. Eden's type of oratory could do worse than serve as a model to our own politicians. He is temperate, quite specific in his statements, unemotional, and at pains to present an argument that on its face at least bears some resemblance to fact and logic.

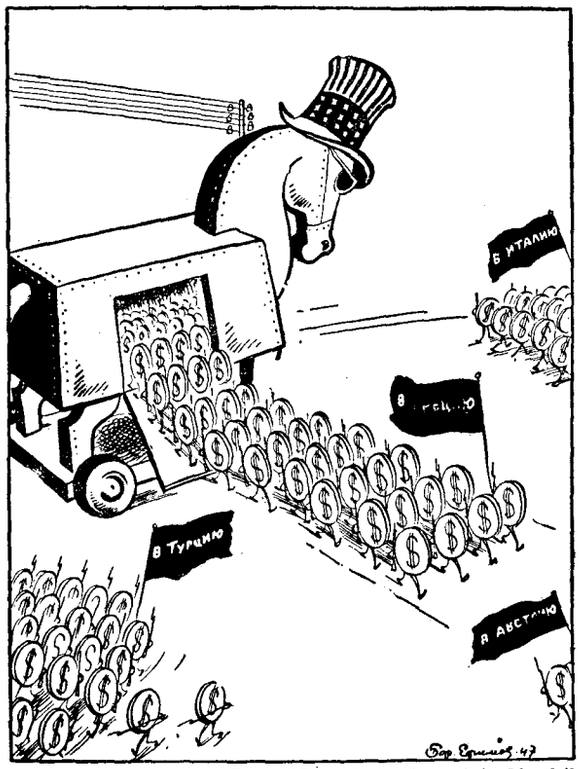
For another thing, this book can tell us a great deal about the man who will carry the Conservative colors when Winston Churchill puts himself out to pasture. On that day there will be no intellectual retrogression. If anything, Mr. Eden seems fresher-minded to handle domestic problems than his predecessor. But without Mr. Churchill British oratory will undoubtedly lose some of its sparkle. Mr. Eden is no master of the thrusting epigram and the rolling phrase. In his defense, however, let it be said that his leaner style also saves him from compounding the gamier sentences to which Churchillian rhetoric is occasionally prone.

—Peter R. Levin.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND, by Cyril Garbett. Macmillan. $3. This temperate, lucid, and uncontroversial study explains the existing relations between the Church of England and the State by analyzing their historical origins. The author, who is the present Archbishop of York, believes that changed conditions in recent decades have made some moderate readjustments advisable. He carries his learning modestly, shows a close familiarity with the details of ecclesiastical history, and avoids sectarian and doctrinal disputes. His conclusion that the Establishment as it stands is inconsistent with the fullest spiritual freedom rests upon a present anomaly and a future possibility. Today the ecclesiastical authorities are subject to lay control. The bishops of the Church of England are nominated by the Prime Minister; any alterations in the canons must be approved by Parliament; any appeal from the Ecclesiastical Court is decided by lay court — by judges appointed by the State. Thus laymen who need not be and often are not members of the Church of England can change its constitution and its policies. The possibility that if a totalitarian regime arose in Britain it might attempt to make the Established Church its instrument is a remote but not wholly unreal danger, and a communion that enjoyed greater independence would be less vulnerable to such political subversion. These and other considerations persuade the author that the Church of England should be permitted, like most churches of the Anglican Communion in the Dominions, to legislate for itself so far as the reform of its own canons is concerned.

—Geoffrey Bruun.

OUT OF THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH, edited by William Nelson. Public Affairs Press, Washington, D.C. $2.50. This is a significant and striking collection of cartoons about the United States from Moscow's humor magazine *Krokodil*. The reproductions are preceded by an illuminating introduction. The "theme of anti-Americanism," reports Mr. Nelson, "has become a Soviet monomania," and he quotes Cyrus Sulzberger of *The New York Times* to support his belief that the attack is succeeding: "It is apparently no longer correct to employ the familiar cliché that despite their Government the Russian people are friendly to us. They are being too carefully taught not to be." Certainly these mordant caricatures are an important and powerful factor in this system of pedagogy. The targets are what one would expect them to be: crime, war-mongery, Wall Street, unemployment, race prejudice, loyalty tests, the Communist trials, Hollywood, the press. The ideas are always arresting, the execution generally excellent—here, indeed, is a portentous weapon in competent hands. Practically every thumbed-down American is smoking a cigar, occasionally a pipe; cigarettes seem to be as scarce in these cartoons as they were during the war shortage. Most American men, workers aside, wear glasses; all American newspapermen do. The details are amusing, but the general effect gives one to shudder. The book is the ninth unit in the series of monographs on Current Soviet Thought prepared under the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council. —J. T. W.



—*From "Out of the Crocodile's Mouth."*

"The Modern Trojan Horse."

THE HOLY SEE AT WORK, by Edward L. Heston, C. S. C. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. $2.50. There are more than three hundred million people on this earth whose church is governed by the Pope, yet his authority reaches out to affect the life of each and every one of them. Such is the stupendous responsibility and the efficiency of the Holy See. Conversely, the individual Catholic has a claim on the services of the Holy See. One of the cases cited in Father Heston's book concerns an African laborer whose contested marriage was adjudged by the renowned Rota. (The Dean of the Rota enjoys the prestige corresponding to that of our Supreme Court Chief Justice.)

Much as our President governs through his Cabinet and the various Federal departments and offices, the Pope directs the Roman Catholic Church through the Curia. This is the

(*Continued on page* 47)

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Victor Hugo: Bard on Olympus

A Classic Revalued—VII

JACQUES BARZUN

THE MODern reader who has made up his mind to reconnoiter in the great forest of Hugo's works should remember at least two things. One is that Hugo was a Bard —not so much in the Tennysonian sense of one who is heeded by the whole people, as in the Wordsworthian sense of a man with a message to deliver whether anyone heeds or not. This accounts for the quality of solemn self-regard which at the outset alienates us in both Wordsworth and Hugo. When either puts on the mantle of the seer and oraculates for our good, modern man's exasperated ego bristles instead of feeling grateful, and we are likely to snap the book shut and curse all Bards as Bores.

Yet a sensible pursuit of pleasure suggests a different course. Take a pencil, if you like, and cross out the piece or passage in Hugo that offends by an assumed loftiness or a condescending simplicity. Cross out one, cross out fifty. Have no qualms. Even if hundreds of pages fall discarded, you will be left with an astonishingly large and varied body of great poetry, which you will then be able to hear and heed for the first time.

You will find it, unlike Wordsworth's, a collection distinguished from all others by the fact that the craftsmanship is throughout flawless. More like Tennyson in this, Hugo was a virtually infallible workman in rhyme and meter and diction. This is what enabled him to versify notions or feelings that were not even worth noting. But it is also the power that has made all the French writers of his time and ours gasp with admiration and envy at what the Old Man could do. It was incredible when the Old Man was eighteen and a tender royalist; it was still incredible sixty-five years later, when he was the consecrated apostle of Republic and democratic Socialism.

Of the poems of his old age Paul Valéry once wrote that never had the science of verse-making reached a more complete and more miraculous exemplification. Of the poems of the middle period, and especially of the "Légende des Siècles," Flaubert exclaimed that they were lines the like of which had never been written nor would be written again. Of the entire corpus, a cynical and spare naturalist like Jules Renard could feel that it was a performance not to admire but to study in worship. It is, I think, safe to say that not a writer of the French language since 1830 has failed to go to school to Hugo—Proust and Gide included. It follows that the master cannot be the fraudulent or foolish voice he has been taken for, or that he sometimes appears to be.

The reality of his strength implies, of course, that the reader is attuned to French verse. Critics such as are found in England, who honestly maintain that there can be no French poetry because its accentuation is shifting, are disbarred from judgment. They do not hear the harmony in the mixture of two-beat and three-beat measures, which Hugo groups in uneven phrases by his unerring control of the caesura, thus making the alexandrine an equivalent of English blank verse with rhyme added. The verse-deaf are bound to treat Hugo's love lyrics on their presumable prose tenor and his evocations of history as if they were pages from a textbook. So that, for instance, the line

Et la mer variable au bas de la falaise

is to them "the changeful sea at the foot of the cliff" and it is nothing more.

Knowing this objection to French poetry, and being familiar with the modes of English verse, André Gide has made an anthology (attractively published in this country by Pantheon Books) of the French poems that he considers deserving of the name. I recommend that the reader turn, in the long section by Hugo, to the fragment from "Le Satyre." It is a clue to the characteristics of Hugo as a poet, and since present space forbids analysis, I may say dogmatically that what he gives us at his best is a complete amalgam of myth, sound, and sight.

In the poem I speak of, the progress of the unknown satyr, who at the end is revealed as Pan, is, first, a series of sights—not metaphors nor likenesses but pictures, snapshots, in seemingly disordered profusion. Even inanimate objects have eyes through which we see. But all the while the sounds unify by their continuous and contrived accompaniment the kaleidoscope of sense impressions. And the aim of this counterpoint is not so much to impart an idea or to convey a feeling as to make us believe in a myth—a fantasy of Hugo's which for the moment organizes all he knows and believes.

This practice of his accounts for the commonplace that "he is no thinker" —to which it may be answered, "he does not have to think because he sees and, seeing, creates." In a poem on Satan he tells us, for instance, that weight is the sign of evil—Gravitation, as it were, expresses Original Sin. It is not a thought to be argued, nor acted on while buying butter, but it cannot be denied that the world never looks quite the same after the notion has once been put to us.

IN Hugo the myth-making faculty was no more deliberate than it has been in other poets. It is a childlike fusion of what is conceived as possible with what is tangibly in reach of the senses. It leads to the sublime and the absurd, and it also produces fresh veins of art which other men can consciously exploit. Thus from the nightmare vision of Hugo's "Sewers of Rome" much of Baudelaire can be derived, just as a good deal of Verlaine owes its technique and atmosphere to Hugo's "Fête chez Thérèse."

If we follow Hugo into his prose creations we find the principle sustained. One of his most wonderful achievements is the little volume characteristically entitled "Things Seen," of which an English translation appeared in Boston in 1886. The things seen by Hugo were certainly not seen in Boston, not only because they are fragments of his own life but also because they rise, each of them, from the sharpest realism of detail to something transcending reality and describable only as Hugolian. I recommend as a case in point the section called "The Death of Balzac."

One myth of Hugo's making has, of course, become quasi-universal. I

(*Continued on page* 48)

Philosophy should be an energy; it should find its aim and its effect in the amelioration of mankind.
—"LES MISÉRABLES."

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Standards of Criticism

WHEN an American professor wrote some time past, "Harvard meant a great deal to American literature a hundred years ago; now it means about as much as the New York subway," he was referring to the failure of critics and teachers of literature to erect any standards of criticism today by which a writer's work could be judged. It is disturbing, perhaps, that creative writing has moved away from the universities in the East, where it once flourished under the eyes of friendly and wise advisors so that creation and criticism might develop side by side. In Van Wyck Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer" there is a memorable post-Civil-War scene which could not have been reproduced in any university town during the lifetime of the present generation. Longfellow, suffering from the death of his wife, had turned for relief to the laborious task of translating Dante. In Charles Norton's old house in Cambridge he sat at a round table surrounded by a dozen friends, each of whom held the Italian version, while Longfellow read aloud a canto in a voice that Howells remembered as "a hollow, a resonant murmur, like the note of some deep-throated horn," while the circle debated and weighed obscure words. "Lowell's knowledge was accurate, Norton's even more so," writes Mr. Brooks; "but the benign poet was ready to learn even from babes and sucklings. His manner, as he looked around the table, suggested that the humblest person present was uttering the most delightful thing."

If accepted standards, whether of morality or literature, are necessary for the evolution of creative criticism, they are also useful and indeed vital to the writer, who will inevitably discover that his career depends on destroying them. The novelists of the Twenties had an open field before them. Their goal was not so much the evolution of a new kind of literature as the destruction of all the concepts of American life and manners that writers of the previous generations had established. Beyond this then there was the passionate desire to sweep away any remnants of Victorian morality (with a special emphasis on sex) that had managed to last through the First World War. They had the advantage of living in the midst of a minor revolution and of contributing to it. From Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis to Scott Fitzgerald scores of writers ran through the gamut of youth on the rampage and the crimes of bootleggers, racketeers, and gangsters. They were enthusiastic witnesses of the shocking use of four-letter words in conversation and books and of a sober people turning to hard liquor consisting of "industrial" alcohol flavored with juniper juice and colored adulterants. Even religion became a subject for satire.

It was inevitable that critics should rise to meet an emergency of this kind, for the signs of revolt were not only apparent in books but in the streets, homes, and taverns of all America. The writers of the Twenties did not have to wait for critical recognition; it met them on the threshold of their careers. The only period in American literature that can be compared with this efflorescence of creative talent is the Forties and Fifties of the nineteenth century, when there seemed to be no critics who were capable or willing to acclaim the genius, now so obvious, of Thoreau, Emerson, or Hawthorne. The first edition of 500 copies of Emerson's "Nature" was still in print eleven years after publication. Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and the Merrimac" sold only 219 copies in four years. In an equal length of time Hawthorne's masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter," brought him the meager sum of $450 in royalties. When Melville's "Moby-Dick" appeared, only two critics revealed any conception of what it was about. The rest of the reviewers called it trash or, worse, "the work of a maniac, screaming like an incurable Bedlamite." The truth is that these and other titans were writing in a time in which public opinion was lethargic and satisfied, and the critics themselves were engaged in defending the citadel of New England virtue and classical eloquence. After the Civil War had shaken the country to its roots, there were a new public and critics able to appreciate what had lain unregarded under their noses, though it remains an oddity that "Moby-Dick" was not recognized as a masterpiece until another half century.

It is obvious that in a country that has not recognized criticism as the other side of creative literature its values must rise and fall with the state of mind, the receptivity, of the public, which first must be imbued with a feeling for the necessity for some fundamental change in society. Since, unlike France, we have no established group of academicians whose task it is to establish literary standards, we must wait for the moment to create its own critics, who are promptly cast aside when the ferment of a new approach to life and art is over.

THE writers of the Twenties had their critics, and they also had a leader in Mencken, who sought them out, published them, and at the same time conducted a one-man revolution against all American traditions.

There was Paul Elmer More, who never could quite grasp what was going on around him; J. C. Spingarn, whose creed of the new criticism was inspired by Croce; Irving Babbitt, who was once so outraged by the title of one of Sinclair Lewis's best novels; Van Wyck Brooks; George Jean Nathan, representing the revival of the drama; Henry S. Canby; Ludwig Lewisohn; Stuart Sherman, humanist; Carl Van Doren. There were younger men who were to furnish the critical background of the Thirties: Edmund Wilson, Joseph Wood Krutch, Waldo Frank, Malcolm Cowley.

By that time criticism on a higher level than the daily or weekly book reviews was already failing. Today those who had engaged in the battle of the Twenties, or who had watched the rise of men like Steinbeck and Hemingway in the Thirties, have retired from the contemporary scene to write their books or essays on writers who have reached or passed their climax, who have become a part of our literary history, whose works are now for the most part out of print or embalmed in textbooks. There seems to be no place for critics of the first rank at present. The standards of literature have fallen; they cannot be raised overnight. The humanists and the neoclassicists, if any remain, have little to say at the beginning of the second half of the twentieth century. When out of present chaos new standards are erected, new habits of mind created, they will reappear as the birds return in the spring presaging a fruitful season. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Social-Scientese

SIR: Are the American people, or at least their more scholarly and literate elements, becoming a bilingual nation? A few years ago the answer must have been in the negative; Latin and Greek had been discarded as useless encumbrances to the intellectual; and German, which for a while threatened to supplant them, fell into disfavor with the rise of American universities and the decline of their German competitors after the fall of the Kaiserreich.

Lately, however, more and more scholarly books, some of them dealing with important subjects, are published in this country which are written not in English but in the trade jargon of the social sciences—a sort of Chinook or *bêche-de-mer* dialect. I can read this language, with some difficulty, but seldom try it any more; I am too old to feel that I have to read everything I ought to read, if it is too much trouble. But for young people coming up this is a real problem; they will have to master another language to read everything that they need to know.

If these works must be written in a strange tongue, some of us wish that they could be written in Latin, as such works used to be—a language more compact and comprehensible than social-scientese and far less cacophonous. But I suppose it is too late for that.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

Under Unqualified Colors

SIR: I hope you are giving serious consideration to the suggested deletion of the disused phrase "of Literature" from the title of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The shorter title would broaden your editorial base, and probably it would attract many new general readers who now think of *SRL* as being a trade paper (in the broadest and loftiest sense, of course).

As a book publisher, I welcome this continuing development of *The Saturday Review* along general lines. There are many thousands of serious-thinking people whose interests are not confined to books alone. These are the people who are concerned with ideas and all the other principal fields of culture. In reaching these people, and in integrating their cultural and social interests, *SRL* provides a vastly enlarged and enlivened reading audience.

You would do well, I think, to push out under unqualified colors as a liberal journal of broad cultural interest for the general reader. I can't think of anything the country needs more right now than such a journal.

CURTIS G. BENJAMIN,
President,
McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.

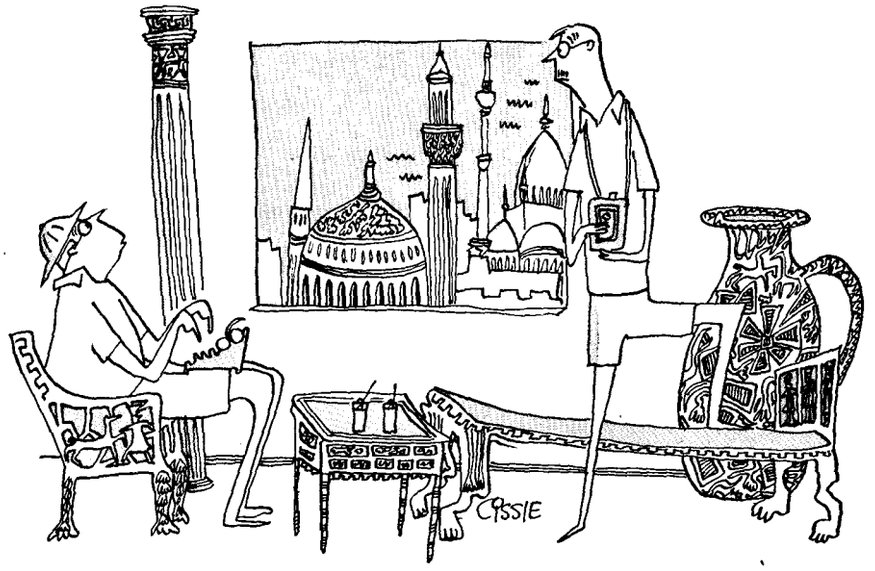
New York, N. Y.

For Better Shorts

SIR: I heartily agree with Hollis Alpert [*SRL* GOES TO THE MOVIES, Oct. 7] in that something should be done about the shorts that moviegoers are being subjected to these days. Except for an occasional Bugs Bunny and a few educational shorts, I would like to see the end of all those frightful cartoons, those dreary attempts at comedy, and those unheard-of dance orchestras playing the season's most unpopular tunes. If that is the best Hollywood can do, why don't they just quietly give up?

ELIZABETH G. LEA.

Philadelphia, Pa.



"We'll just have to make something up, old chap; we can't fill a whole chapter with 'Cairo is dull.'"

Cartwheels in the Sky

SIR: Roland Gelatt's review of Frank Scully's "Behind the Flying Saucers" [*SRL* Sept. 23] still leaves some doubt as to their reality. Is it not time the truth were told?

On the night of August 18, deep in the night, while trying to establish contact with the Island of Gambia on my short-wave set, I picked up some mysterious signals of distress. Foregoing details of how I established two-way radio contact, which would interest only fellow radio hams, I somehow got the message, which was from a little saucer pilot looking for a safe landing strip near Philadelphia where he could in secrecy tell his story. I directed him to my long celery patch, where at 2:37 AM he made a safe landing. The craft, sure enough, saucer-shaped and collapsible for easy storage, was quickly parked in my garage after removing one of the children's bicycles. The pilot was drawn, weary, and small. Being a linguist, he had no difficulty expressing his desire for immediate retirement to catch a few winks of sleep. We gave him the guest room, vacated only the night before my Aunt Mary, who had returned to Denver. He is still our guest and has a strange story to tell, which I must condense into shameful brevity. Reluctant to quiz him we just let him talk, which he did for the most part in an unknown tongue but occasionally lapsed into English and sometimes French, which my wife speaks with facility. Needless to say, he is a gracious guest.

(The only reason we have not brought him to your office to collect your $100,000 reward is that we are really comfortably fixed, though not wealthy, and the $100,000 added to our income would throw us into the horribly high brackets on Federal income tax, which would leave us very little "take home." Furthermore, our guest would want to share in the reward.)

The metal out of which the "saucer" is made is not a strange, mysterious metal that resembles aluminum and is so hard that fire cannot melt it. The "saucers" are made out of silver, and the truth of the matter is they are silver dollars — regulation weight, 412.5 grains—but blown up in size to accommodate their diminutive pilots. These craft do not come from Mars or Venus or some unknown planet; they come from the United States Mint in Denver. They are manufactured on high-speed machinery to keep pace with high prices.

I may have cause and effect reversed—I think the abundance of these saucers causes high prices. You'd better consult an economist to explain all this. Anyhow, the machinery on which they are made is soundproof so the employees can hear the campaign oratory and election results. Of course, we all know what the results will be, but it is nice to hear our knowledge confirmed. Furthermore, it is the democratic way.

These Treasury saucers are flying ever higher and they are already causing consternation to the commercial pilots in the regular air lanes. However, it is confidentially hoped that the saucers will soon be flying at much higher latitudes and will soon cease menacing our heavily trafficked air lanes.

E. VAN BALDER.

Drexel Hill, Pa.

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Fiction. *Aside from the Italian fiction, we have seen too little postwar writing from Europe. It is necessary that we should discover the sentiments of German and Eastern European novelists about the present situation. "The Twenty-Fifth Hour," by C. Virgil Gheorgiu, is important for that reason and for its own merits. It is a story of remarkable power, brutal in its revelations of a new concept of the individual who is almost as disturbed by Western machine civilization as by Fascist and Communist autocracies. Elliott Arnold's "Walk with the Devil" is a first-rate novel based on U.S. Army Intelligence plots in wartime Italy, which compares favorably with Graham Greene's best work in this field.*

Trapped by the Omnipotent State

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR. By C. Virgil Gheorgiu. Translated by Rita Eldon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 404 pp. $3.50.

By Robert Pick

THE author of this remarkable book is a thirty-four-year-old Rumanian ex-diplomat. His novel, immensely successful throughout Europe, has been compared to Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" and Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" by many critics, and by some even to "Candide."

If comparison there must be, I submit that M. Gheorgiu's novel, on its most impressive level, is reminiscent of Arnold Zweig's "Sergeant Grischa" and also of the immortal "Good Soldier Schweik." Like those classics, "The Twenty-Fifth Hour" tells the story of a simple, good man caught in the machinery of the omnipotent State.

The place, in the beginning, is a village in Fascist Rumania. Its policeman has cast an eye on the pretty wife of Johann Moritz, a poor young farmer. To get rid of him he avails himself of a recent "antisubversive" ordinance and has Moritz deported to a labor camp, together with the Jews of the hamlet. Once there, Moritz automatically is labeled a Jew. His protestations, as well as the pleas of the village priest, are of no use. Totalitarian administrations cannot afford to admit to a blunder.

After months of bewildered anguish, Moritz manages to escape to Hungary. He is arrested, suspected of being a Rumanian spy posing as a simpleton, and tortured for weeks by the Horthy police. Finally they throw him in with a Germany-bound transport of slave laborers. Later a half-crazed Nazi officer finds in him a perfect specimen of "Aryan Man," and helps him to the status of a privileged S.S. man. But his mad adventures are not at their end.

That is the part of "The Twenty-Fifth Hour" whose picaresque and grimly ironical elements reminded me of the older books I mentioned. However, the extraordinary challenge of the novel does not stem from the moving and harrowing story of Johann Moritz as such. M. Gheorgiu does more than let that story "tell itself." He wants that gruesome mid-twentieth-century tale to be understood in its all but eschatological meaning. (Considering John Hersey's "The Wall" and its commentating diarist, this is, within a year, the second important novel whose author has been unwilling to entrust what he has to say to his story alone—a significant trend.) Pretty early in his narrative, then, M. Gheorgiu introduces as his second protagonist the son of the village priest, the writer and poet Traian Koruga—who, being a self-portrait of the author, assumes about the part the chorus holds in Greek tragedy.

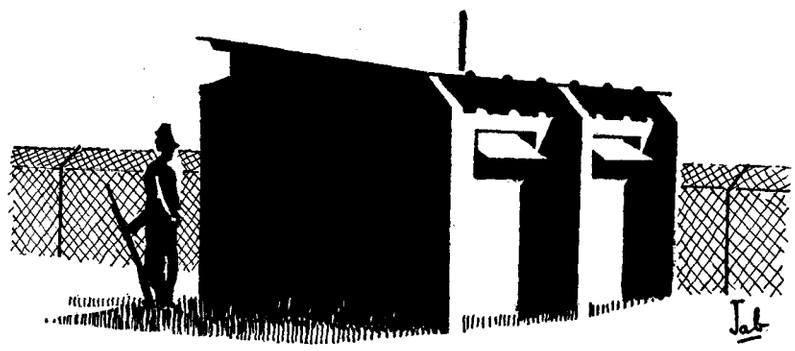
It would, I suppose, be pleasant to be able to report that Traian Koruga's message amounts to merely another passionate protest against totalitarianism. Things are not that simple, though. True, the scenes depicting the actions of totalitarian tyranny—whether Rumanian, Hungarian, German, or Russian—constitute as forceful an indictment of it as anything I have read on the sordid subject. But M. Gheorgiu goes beyond party and *Weltanschauung* lines in the indictment of his times. To him, totalitarianism is merely a form of the present disease of the Occident. He calls that sickness Technological Civilization.

There is much bitter satire in the encounter of his protagonists with the democratic Occupation authorities in Germany. To us that is, of course, the saddest part of his book. On the eve of World War III—the novel extends into an imaginary future—Johann Moritz, reunited with his wife after thirteen years (including his absurd trial as a war criminal), volunteers for the U. S. Army. But his decision is caused by no more than an instinctive preference for what he considers the lesser evil—which is precisely the decision the Koestler of "The Yogi and the Commissar" arrived at in siding with British conservatism.

Thus this author's seems to be a philosophy of Nietzschean despair. But his strangely naive directness makes him at the same time something like the prophet of a new concept of the individual. He is not a methodical thinker; and the long quotations from T. S. Eliot, F. S. C. Northrop, and others, with which he intersperses the inner monologues of Koruga, do not always add to the depth of his own ideas. It is their mere impact which makes them so gripping.

Both brutal and tender, frequently merciless for the sake of mercy, "The Twenty-Fifth Hour" is, when all is said, not a great literary work. Its most original and fascinating main character—Nora West, who later marries Traian—often overtaxes the storyteller's skill. Nora is an attractive Bucharest career woman who conceals her Jewish birth. No matter what happens to her fellow men, she wants to keep her position, go on with her ambitious career, hold fast to the power she has, live her "normal" life. She fails and becomes a martyr *malgré soi*. Is the American interrogator completely in the wrong when, after classifying her as an enemy alien, he scorns her as a partisan of the Nazis?

That point and many others remain open to discussion. There is room for a great deal of debate about this remarkable, deeply honest book. For better or for worse, it is a unique document.



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A Deal with Demons

WALK WITH THE DEVIL. By Elliott Arnold. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 266 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

MR. ARNOLD'S ninth and latest novel has every quality necessary for that increasingly popular development in the art of fiction known as the novel of suspense. His plot is sound and original; the Italian scene is admirably drawn, and the characters, in or out of uniform, talk and act like human beings. The slight but appealing love story that threads through the book is a more or less peaceful interlude in the midst of the dynamic events that wind up in violence and murder in a luxurious Italian villa.

There is nothing new in an American writer using Italy as the background for a novel; indeed, a few of our writers have learned how to adopt the lucid style of Italian novelists like Vittorini and Moravia. But it is safe to say that no Italian could have written "Walk with the Devil," which is a thoroughly American job, involving officers in the Army's Secret Service, among whom is Guy Bertini, a young captain born of Italian parents in the slums of New York. This cloak-and-dagger outfit is run by General Culpepper, a veteran of the African campaign, stationed near Cassino, whose famous monastery has just been outrageously bombed. The General is well aware that the only way he can add more stars to his shoulders and drag down a larger pension after he has retired is to play some brilliantly dirty trick on the Germans so that the American Army may advance rapidly through the enemy lines.

One of Guy's officer friends has discovered that he has a brother named Bartolomeo, who was a successful gangster in New York before being deported to Italy and who is now ruling a strategically located town from his villa. The only bridge across a long and deep ravine leads into the town. If it is blown up, it will cost a great many American lives, and besides it might lead to a disastrous defeat. Guy is ordered to go through the enemy lines in the stained uniform of an Italian corporal to visit a brother who hates him and to try to bribe him with any amount of money he might demand. Guy finds Bartolomeo living in elegance with an icily beautiful woman he has won with his money. In a starving and war-ravaged country he is seated in the

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Seeing Things

THE WHY'S AND WHEREFORE'S

ANY NEWSPAPER, any day, provides countless examples of what I have in mind. A single story, run recently in *The New York Times*, is sufficient to make my point. "A traffic signal light," it read, "exploded yesterday at the southwest corner of Ninth Avenue and Fortieth Street and a jagged piece of metal struck Yancey Thomas, thirty-eight years old, of 419 West 128th Street. He was taken to St. Clare's Hospital suffering from head injuries.

"The freakish accident occurred at 2:00 PM as Mr. Thomas was about to cross eastward. Investigation by the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity showed that the blast apparently had been caused when a spark ignited gas seeping through the hollow tube that contains the wiring for the automatic controller in the fixture."

We all know that such "freakish accidents" occur daily. Strangers are not their only victims. They overtake our friends, our families, and ourselves. If, as our years accumulate, life teaches us anything, it is the sheer capriciousness of many happenings. We grow accustomed to having them strike with the illogic of lightning. We learn that cause and effect are not necessarily related. We accept the irrationalities of chance as one of the realest aspects of reality.

Our approach to make-believe, however, is very different. We demand a logic from the novelist, the dramatist, and the scenarist which we do not expect to find in life. If they rely too heavily on coincidence, we accuse them of cheating. To win our belief, the actions they record must be motivated. The stories they tell must be foolproof in their planning. Their characters must be blessed with a consistency unknown either in ourselves or in our acquaintance. As surely as we recognize that all art is the product of conscious selection and design, we take it for granted that "compositions" will be composed, in the dictionary sense of being disposed in proper form; put in proper state or condition; adjusted, regulated, or arranged.

Coleridge in a famous passage once sought to explain the mystery of stage illusion by employing a setting for a woodland as an illustration. Such illusion, said he, consists "not in the mind's judging it to be a forest, but in its remission of the judgment that it is not a forest." Almost all illusion in fiction, the theatre, or on the screen depends upon an identical remission of judgment. Such belief, born of "the suspension of disbelief," is apt to exist only so long as questions and doubts do not form in our minds. We do not raise these questions voluntarily. They raise themselves. They sneak into our consciousness the moment our inner sense of probability is left unsatisfied. Once they have appeared, they dislodge our belief even if they do not shatter it. They are troublesome, worrisome things, these questions. For our sake, hence his, an author should make every effort to prevent them by anticipating them. Let me offer a few examples, chosen at random from recent novels, plays, and pictures.

Anthony Ireland and Flora Robson—psychosis and a purloined nightie.

CONSIDER Ernest Hemingway's "Across the River and Into the Trees," a book which, in spite of its intermittent proofs of Mr. Hemingway's old skill, is certainly one of the worst novels to have been written by an important writer since Shakespeare (if Mr. O'Hara will forgive my saying so). Assuredly, the aging colonel with whom the countess falls in love is as great a bore as ever emptied a club by his incessant reminiscences of past campaigns. He is a Romeo who has eroded into a dull Othello, and an Othello who is an odd mixture of Colonel Blimp and a Dead-end Kid.

Why the countess should have fallen in love with him is elusive, to put it mildly. The reasons for his having fallen in love with her are easier to explain. They are in fact the very things which make her unbelievable. She is never established as a woman; she is only an audience. She drinks and loves and kisses true, but she is more of a Gallup investigator or a ship's news reporter than she is of a *maîtresse*. In her love scenes she does not talk like Juliet or Cleopatra. Whether she is sitting up or lying down, her interest in military affairs is something Hanson Baldwin, Fletcher Pratt, or George Fielding Eliot could hardly exceed. Almost invariably her every kiss, however true, is followed by a question such as "What do you really think of General Eisenhower?" "What do you really think of Montgomery?" Or, "Give me your opinion of Rommel." I do not mean to assert that such questions do not have their interest in and out of the Pentagon. I mean only to suggest that they are not the ordinary expressions of passion, and force the reader to wonder why, instead of having their fling in Venice, the colonel and the countess in "Across the River and Into the Trees" did not take a course together at the War College.

Louis Verneuil's "Affairs of State," in which Celeste Holm is giving a charming performance, is a play so palpably based upon an impossibility that I, for one, cannot see how any adult can believe in it and therefore laugh at its supposedly comic situa-

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tions. Although the program describes the script as a comedy, it is more accurately a farce. All farce takes its liberties with the likely. All acceptable farce, however, depends for its success upon its ability to persuade us that the improbable is probable.

"Affairs of State" does not content itself with stopping there. It overreaches both itself and its farcical license by endeavoring to make us believe that the impossible is possible. It tells the story of a woman married to an aging ex-Secretary of State who, in order to hold a young Senator for herself, induces her husband's niece (Miss Holm) to become the wife of this young Senator—in name only. On the basis of this unlikely marriage agreement the Senator and his bride go to Europe on their honeymoon and return to Washington, leading bachelor lives until, of course, love conquers all.

That Senators can be foolish most of us know. But that any Senator, especially a young one, could be such a fool in his domestic affairs regardless of his foreign policy is something it would be unpatriotic to believe. So far as I am concerned, I can only disbelieve with equal obstinacy in the young girl who is supposed to be willing to enter into such a bargain. The doubts which bobbed up in my mind almost from the curtain's rise made it easier for me to yawn than to laugh at Mr. Verneuil's script.

ANOTHER play which bothered me in spite of holding my interest—yes, and in spite of the fine performances it includes by Flora Robson, Anthony Ireland, and Raymond Huntley—is "Black Chiffon." Lesley Storm's drama is concerned with a rich mother who suffers from such a hidden sexual infatuation for her son that a few days

Old Ladies

By Candace T. Stevenson

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Lest the great wind drive them, brown
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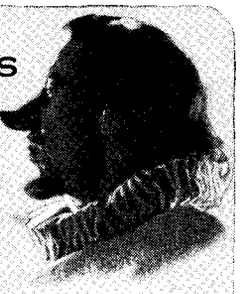
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before he is to be married she steals a black chiffon nightgown from a store, merely because she has seen her prospective daughter-in-law, a visitor in her house, wearing just such a nightgown. Rather than have the ugly truths of her home life come out and her son's marriage and future happiness imperiled, this mother pleads guilty to shoplifting and goes to jail. Granting that maternal feelings can be abnormal, I nevertheless doubt the shoplifting incident upon which Miss Storm's plot turns. Certainly I question her last act, when she would have us believe that, on the day after a groom's mother has been imprisoned, plans for a church wedding, reception and all, would be carried through just as if no shame had come to the family.

One other instance—this time "Sunset Boulevard," that picture about a fallen star of the silent screen which almost everyone else seems to think admirable, but which strikes me in its storytelling as being the sheerest balderdash. Empty as Gloria Swanson's acting seems to me, I cannot deny that she has not lost her looks or dispute her courage in playing such a part. I admire, too, the performances of William Holden, Erich von Stroheim, Nancy Olson, and Cecil B. DeMille. Even so, with the exception of a few scenes here and there, most of "Sunset Boulevard" is, to my way of thinking, downright absurd.

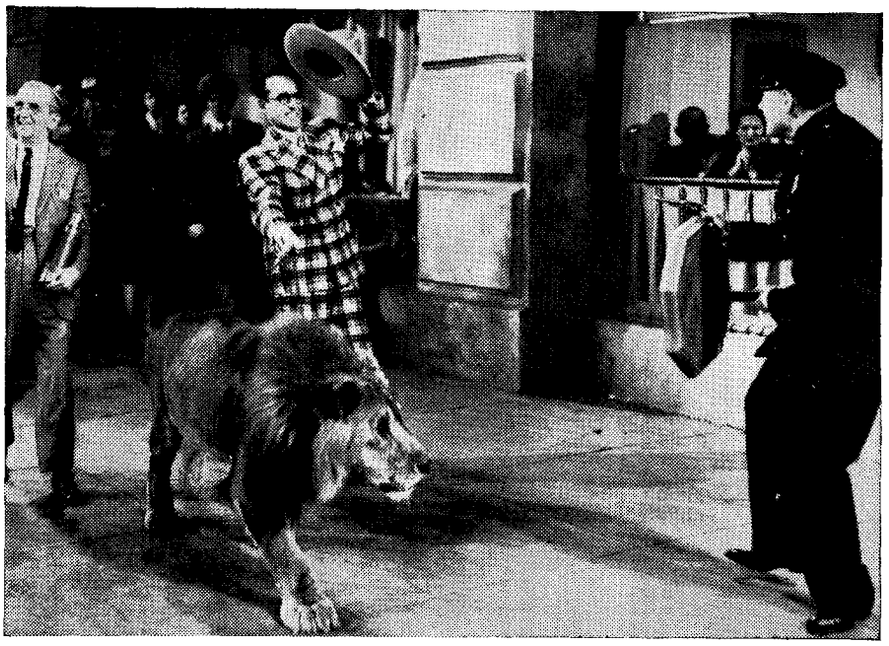
Heaven knows, a fascinating film could and should be written from such a theme. But for my money "Sunset Boulevard" is not that film. I cannot understand why the aging star, who is still rich and peacock proud, should allow her huge home to look like a Charles Addams interior. She might not have refilled her swimming pool until she had captured a young man to use it, but certainly her housekeeping would not depend upon her discovery of a gigolo. Incidentally, I never did find out who did all the cooking, the flower-arranging, the orchestra-summoning, and the tidying-up when she began giving sumptuous parties *à deux*. Not only that, but as this star's ex-husband and ex-director now turned into her chauffeur, bodyguard, butler, housekeeper, and boy-friend-bringer, Erich von Stroheim seems to me to be acting the least likely character I have encountered in all the years since I first used to see Miss Swanson in silent pictures.

Although the why's and wherefore's may not have mattered on *H.M.S. Pinafore*, they matter, and matter enormously, in our acceptance of a novel, a play, or a movie. The moment doubts creep in, belief flies out the window.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

THE MIDDLE YEARS OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK



Harold Lloyd and Jackie, the lion—"the laugh that kills."

IT'S been a long time since Harold Lloyd scored that touchdown in "The Freshman." His name is like an echo from another era, and a generation has grown to maturity without ever being aware of that fresh-faced young man with the dazzling white-toothed smile, the horn-rimmed glasses, the embarrassed eyes behind them. His last talking picture was "Professor, Beware," made in the late Thirties, and the cameras saw no more of him until they began turning for "Mad Wednesday."* What has kept him away from the screen this long I don't know; whatever the reasons, the happy news of this week is that he has returned.

Of course, if you're contemplating taking the children to see "Mad Wednesday," some prior indoctrination will be necessary for them, and they'll probably still lag behind you, as you drag them towards the movie house, casting anguished glances toward the marquee proclaiming the latest Bob Hope picture. No use to tell them that they will have a comic experience far more rich and satisfying than anything Mr. Hope or Danny Kaye could give them; and apprising them of the fact that Harold dangles from a ledge fifteen stories above the street may only cause them to express doubts about the humor of such goings-on. Just sit them down, though, and tell them to be patient, and be assured that Harold will come through for you.

He is no longer the boy comedian. He is in his middle years. But he has not changed the rims of his glasses, even though they are more likely these days to typify intellectuality rather than the brashness of youth, and his smile still dazzles, and if there is anything at all that is changed it is his richer expressiveness. It only needed the proper screen writer and director to bring him to exuberant life again, and Preston Sturges, who has again combined both functions, seems exactly the man to have done it. Curiously, in the one scenario he has given Mr. Lloyd the chance to be two kinds of comedian, one requiring the gift for pantomime, and the other the gift for acting. None of the newer crop of comic men can equal him.

About a year or so ago, James Agee, one of our best film critics and historians, wrote about the passing of the great silent era of film comedy. When the movies began to talk an art began to waste away, and only Chaplin had the stature to survive the transition. Mr. Agee defined the four main grades of laughter that Chaplin, Turpin, Langdon, and Lloyd

**MAD WEDNESDAY, an original screenplay written and directed by Preston Sturges. Produced by RKO Radio Pictures. With Harold Lloyd, Frances Ramsden, Jimmy Conlin, Raymond Walburn, Edgar Kennedy, Arline Judge, Franklin Pangborn, Lionel Stander, Margaret Hamilton, Jack Norton, Robert Dudley, Arthur Hoyt, Julius Tannen, Al Bridge, Robert Greig, Georgia Caine, Torben Meyer, Vic Potel, and Jackie, the lion.*

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worked for and evoked: the titter, the yowl, the belly laugh, and the boffo. The boffo, he said, is the laugh that kills, and he lamented the loss of the boffo in talking comedy. Tittering, yes; an occasional yowl, a rare belly laugh. But the art of the boffo seemed gone forever. It's as though Preston Sturges and Harold Lloyd have risen to the challenge with "Mad Wednesday." In this farce the wedding of silent and talking techniques has been made, and there are few complaints to make. Perhaps the joints show through a little too roughly here and there; now and then there is a lapse in the realm of taste. The talking horse, for example, that serves no purpose I could discern. The trouble probably arose because Mr. Sturges was not always able to restrain his own talents (which tend to get out of control) in favor of Mr. Lloyd's.

"MAD Wednesday" is a sequel to "The Freshman" and the movie begins with the final touchdown sequence from the latter picture. It suffers not at all by being a quarter of a century old. But after the touchdown was scored by Harold Diddlebock it seems that an advertising executive by the name of J. E. Waggleberry, who had witnessed the game-winning run, was so overcome with enthusiasm and emotion that he offered Harold a good job in his agency after graduation. Harold took the job, which proved to be a "niche" in the bookkeeping department, and the sad fact is that he remained in that niche for twenty years. His fine freshman spirit could only seethe futilely in Mr. Waggleberry's employ. He remained a bachelor during all those years, though he fell in love many times over. First with Miss Otis, who worked in the same office, then with each of her six younger sisters in turn. I suppose, in a way, this movie tells the story of how he came to marry the seventh Miss Otis. She, by the way, is played by Frances Ramsden, and there is no doubt that Harold gets the nicest and loveliest Miss Otis of them all.

A great many things begin to happen for Harold when he is fired (too old for the job), given the usual engraved watch, and his two thousand dollars of company savings. Life as it begins again looks very gloomy. There is comedy in this, but the laughter here is bitter. For this is what has happened to our fine, brash young man of the Twenties, in spite of his optimism, of his belief that "success is just around the corner." He had remained honest and upright and faithful; he had never allowed a drop of liquor to touch his lips. The card containing his favorite slogan falls to the pavement, and he does not notice that he has stepped on it. We can say that part one, in the plan of the picture, has ended.

And now the old-time Harold Lloyd begins to come to the surface. But it seems that he must give up some of his ideals before it can happen. The devil's advocate is Wormy, a nice little man who plays the horses and knows the value of a stiff drink when times are hard. Harold is led into the den of Jake, the bartender (a wonderful and final role for Edgar Kennedy), who is utterly overcome by the chance to initiate a grown man to the wonders of alcohol. He mixes the great artistic drink of his career, which he christens "The Diddlebock."

"I trust this contains no alcohol," Harold says, before his first sip. And the mad Wednesday begins. I'm afraid matters get a little too dizzy after this for me to describe them adequately, and I must skip to Thursday, to a grand and marvelous scene on a ledge, to the stuff of which the laugh that kills is still, happily, made.

Somehow Harold and Wormy have gotten to the fifteenth floor of a Wall Street building. A lion that Harold has been leading around to frighten bankers has gotten out on the ledge, and Harold is trying to get him back. The gag starts running, the belly laughs come, and it's not long before Harold is dangling head downward, his foot caught in the chain attached to Jackie's collar. The lion starts walking along the ledge. . . . Yes, the boffo is back.

Laugh? I thought I'd die.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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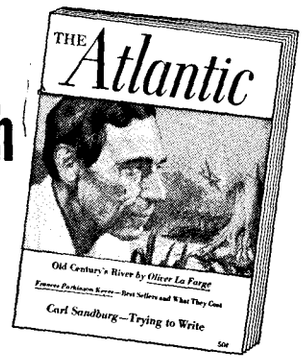

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TV and Radio

TWO ROADS TO DILEMMA

THE Federal Communications Commission has given you something else to worry about. In a very little while, according to those full-page ads in the newspapers, you'll have to start figuring out which television shows to watch—the four-color broadcasts or the black and whites. As if you haven't got enough *trouble* now, trying to decide which set to turn on—radio or television.

It's quite a problem, especially when the same program is done on both media. There's "Meet the Press," for example, "Big Story," "Suspense," "Dave Garroway," "You Bet Your Life"—all shows I like to catch. It's a dilemma, although I'm not losing much sleep over it.

It does make you think, however, of the plus and minus of the two media. Does a radio show gain anything when it's put on television? Take comedy first. Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Fred Allen, Milton Berle, Bob Hope, Bobby Clark, Burns and Allen are all appearing on television. By the time you read this Jack Benny will have joined the TV comedy parade. Now we can watch the comedians as well as hear them. So what? So, evidently, the comics don't lose anything on TV. Most of them break even. A few make big gains.

A comedy routine is a chain of gags, vocal or visual, and the idea is to have the gags follow each other in quick succession. This precipitate rush from punch-line to yak makes for pace and tempo. The joke may lay an egg or evoke just a titter, but the comedian is prepared for the weak ones. He whips over the cover-line and is off to the races again, working for the next boffola.

The comedians make the radio-television transition successfully because in the new medium, as in the old, they're still powered by the same, basic unit of laugh energy—the gag. The camera work may be ragged, the lighting poor, the sets rickety—but these factors are secondary. If the production is good, if the comic has a winning appearance—why, so much the better. I still like comedy on the radio, but now that the big clowns have come to television, I'll divide my affection for them between the two mediums.

News, on the other hand, gains not an inch from television. The unit of news is the item of information—and this strides along quite briskly, thank you, in radio. It may not travel any slower in TV, but the camera provides no real plus so far. Those "library" or "working-desk" shots of the newscaster, pretending not to read his copy out of the lower corner of his left eye, are as phoney as they are dull; and as for the maps and the film-clips, they don't have anywhere near the impact they produce on the big-size motion-picture newsreel screens.

The quiz shows go well on television because they have motion (not physical movement, though many of them do feature dancing bears and seltzer-water bottles) but the movement from one question, from one test to the next. The question-test is the dual unit of the quiz program—and, as in comedy shows, the object is to have the units flow briskly, on radio or television. Give me the quiz show on both.

Not so the music programs. For straight music entertainment I'll dial rather than channel. *Watching* the performers only detracts. The first glimpse of the back of Arturo Toscanini's neck is interesting—the second is redundant. The same goes for Lauritz Melchior's hair, Jascha Heifetz's G-string, and Helen Traubel's yo-ho-to-ho outline. They are superb artists, but our enjoyment of their artistry derives from the beautiful sounds they produce, not from the sight of them producing the sounds. Much less am I thrilled by the fervid faces of the first violinists, the pursed lips of the second-horn players, and the spread-eagle knees of the third cellists—all honorable members in good standing of the American Federation of Musicians, AF of L.

Discussion programs like "People's Platform" and "Author Meets the Critics" are more satisfying on TV than on radio. The unit of a talk program, I suppose, is the idea. Ideas may, and often do, move swiftly on radio, of course—but the same ideas, moving on television, make for a better show, due to the contrapuntal motif provided by the changing flow of facial expressions of the people on the program.

Helen Traubel—and a "yo-ho-to-ho outline."

Variety shows are in no-man's land in this battle between audio and video. The unit of the variety show is the individual act—comedy routine, song, dance, etc. If the individual units are good the whole show shapes up well. If some are good and others poor the result is a mish-mash. When a variety show is paced by a comic like Milton Berle, TV has the edge over radio. It's a toss-up when it's m.c.'d by a columnist like Ed Sullivan or a personality like Arthur Godfrey. On radio or TV, to borrow from Gertrude Stein, a song is a song is a song; a dance is a dance is a dance. What price exclusivity? I'll take my variety audio as well as video, shopping around for performers I prefer.

WHERE the same dramatic show is available on radio as well as television, you may take the sight road, but I'll take the sound. Drama, like news, tends to lose on TV. The unit of drama on the radio, as on the stage, is the moving line. The unit of films is the shot. The unit of television drama has still to be discovered. It isn't the line—for, as in films, there are long stretches in TV without a word. It isn't the shot—for there are often equally long stretches in which the camera just holds on one or two characters. As everyone knows, television drama borrows the units of films, radio, and stage and scrambles them all together in a crazy-quilt pattern. This is the real reason why TV drama is relatively unsatisfactory to date. It isn't the size of the screen or the confinement of the action in small sets. The latter weakness is overcome somewhat by the use of film inserts in live shows. When TV finds its true, functional unit I suspect all the present limitations won't matter.

Take every dramatic show on television that was formerly, or still is, on radio: "Lux," "Studio One," "Big Story," "Big Town," "The Goldbergs," even "Lights Out" and "Buck Rogers." Once the novelty of seeing as well as hearing these familiar programs is gone, you have to admit that the radio versions are slicker, smoother, and swifter. They have more pace, excitement, and tension. Without exception, in each case the radio dramatic show provides a more satisfying experience than its video counterpart. Until television solves its problem of tempo and rhythm, radio gets my vote for drama.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Channel & Dial

TV

SUNDAY

Who Said That? NBC 12:30 PM: Quotes in the news pinned on the quoted by experts.

Mrs. Roosevelt Meets the Public NBC 3:30 PM: The gracious note in discussion programs.

Meet the Press NBC 4:00 PM: Knowing newsmen needle important people.

Super Circus ABC 5:00 PM: For the kiddies. Fast-moving circus acts.

Watch the World NBC 5:30 PM: NBC's major educational effort in TV.

Mr. I. Magination CBS 6:30 PM: Heroes of fiction and history as child actors play them. Different. Delightful.

Leave It to the Girls NBC 7:00 PM: Open-fanged entertainment that hits straight from the neckline.

Showtime—USA ABC 7:30 PM: An American National Theatre & Academy venture. Top talent.

This Is Show Business CBS 7:30 PM: Contrived dilemmas of entertainers. George Kaufman, Clifton Fadiman, and Abe Burrows contrive the solutions.

Toast of the Town CBS 8:00 PM: A variety show balanced on a syndicated column—Ed Sullivan's.

Comedy Hour NBC 8:00 PM: Top comics Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, etc., take turns, once a month, wrestling the new medium.

Philco Playhouse NBC 9:00 PM: Veteran, top-drawer, full-hour drama.

Fred Waring Show CBS 9:00 PM: Most musicianly of the top pop-tune shows.

Garroway at Large NBC 10:00 PM: Clever youngsters in an informal variety show. Fresh, unique.

Say It With Acting NBC 11:15 PM: Charades with a professional touch.

MONDAY

Howdy Doody NBC 5:30 PM (through Friday): Most popular of puppets for moppets.

Kukla, Fran, and Ollie NBC 7:00 PM (through Friday): The kid show with the biggest grown-up audience.

Lux Video Theatre CBS 8:00 PM: New, independent show but same idea as its twin—the Lux Radio Theatre.

Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney NBC 8:00 PM: Ventriloquist and bright dummy. Fast-moving variety.

Godfrey's Talent Scouts CBS 8:30 PM: Mr. Paley's Huckleberry Finn with the golden touch.

The College Bowl ABC 9:00 PM: Chico on the campus. Low Marx.

On Trial ABC 9:30 PM: Courtroom setting for current issues.

The Goldbergs CBS 9:30 PM: The Bronx Fibber McGee and Molly.

Robert Montgomery Presents NBC 9:30 PM: The Be Happy-Go Lucky (Strike) troupe steals the show. A good example of how elaborate commercials overwhelm everything.

Studio One CBS 10:00 PM: The first experimental TV-dramatic show. Not so experimental these days.

TUESDAY

Texaco Star Theatre NBC 8:00 PM: The infectious, irrepressible Mr. Berle.

Family Playhouse CBS 8:00 PM: Newest full-hour, big-budget dramatic show. Alternates weekly with *Sure As Fate:* Hour-long mystery.

John Hopkins Science Review Dumont 8:30 PM.

Billy Rose's Playbill ABC 9:00 PM: Two pillars of Broadway show business more than slightly at sea in their first TV effort.

Can You Top This? ABC 9:30 PM: Straight jokes by veteran jokesters.

WEDNESDAY

Four Star Revue NBC 8:00 PM: More revolving clowns—Ed Wynn, Danny Thomas, and Jack Carson alternate.

Kraft Television Theatre NBC 9:00 PM: Better kraftsmanship in drama.

Teller of Tales CBS 9:00 PM: Adaptations of Somerset Maugham stories.

THURSDAY

George Burns and Gracie Allen CBS 8:00 PM: Radio's patient Adam and invincible Eve delightful on TV.

You Bet Your Life NBC 8:00 PM: Video version of Groucho Marx radio show. Funny—proving it's the comedian, not the medium.

Alan Young Show CBS 9:00 PM: One of the promising younger comics.

Nash Airflyte Theatre CBS 10:30 PM: Drama with William Gaxton as hospitable host.

FRIDAY

Mama CBS 8:00 PM: Peggy Wood—good to the last drop of sentiment.

Man Against Crime CBS 8:30 PM: Ralph Bellamy—a private eye competently beaten to a pulp.

We the People NBC 8:30 PM: Human-interest vaudeville.

Ford Theatre Hour CBS 9:00 PM: One of the superior drama programs.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse ABC 9:00 PM: New dramatic program off to an unsatisfactory start, but improving. Serious effort, well worth watching.

Stud's Place ABC 10:30 PM: A Chicago Duffy's Tavern. In the experimental tradition but not quite up to Windy City par.

SATURDAY

Ken Murray Show CBS 8:00 PM: Generally amusing acts behind ubiquitous beer suds.

Show of Shows NBC 9:00 PM: Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, two very funny people.

The Frank Sinatra Show CBS 9:00 PM: The likable kid from New Jersey trying hard to find his place in the television sun.

Your Hit Parade NBC 10:30 PM: If you're interested in keeping up with the top ten tunes.

Radio

SUNDAY

Invitation to Learning CBS 11:35 AM: Refresher course in the classics.

The Eternal Light NBC 12:30 PM: Dramatic experiences of an ancient people. Well written, often moving.

NBC Theatre NBC 3:00 PM: Effective dramatizations of great novels.

The Quiz Kids NBC 3:30 PM: Never-failing remedy for inflated egos.

Author Meets the Critics ABC 5:00 PM: New books cozily discussed.

The Greatest Story Ever Told ABC 5:30 PM: Dramatic improvizations on New Testament themes.

Jack Benny CBS 7:00 PM: The case of the fossilized format. Familiar echoes of yesterday's laughter.

Amos 'N' Andy CBS 7:30 PM: Age cannot wither—nor custom stale.

Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy CBS 8:00 PM: Still good. Knock on wood.

Theatre Guild on the Air NBC 8:30 PM: The old Washington Square Players tempered by United States Steel.

The Red Skelton Show NBC 8:30 PM: Mr. Baby Snooks. Can be hard on your ribs.

Information Please CBS 10:00 PM: Still stumping along with the experts.

MONDAY

Dave Garroway NBC 1:15 PM (through Friday): Good entertainment, good taste.

Here's Morgan NBC 6:30 PM (through Friday): A serio-comic maverick hiding behind a shrewd low-brow mask.

Godfrey's Talent Scouts CBS 8:30 PM: Simulcast of TV show.

The Firestone Hour NBC 8:30 PM: Good music, white tie and tails.

The Telephone Hour NBC 9:00 PM: Rings the bell for music lovers.

Lux Radio Theatre CBS 9:00 PM: The original and still the slickest.

United or Not ABC 10:00 PM: United Nations correspondents huddling with U. N. delegates and getting guarded replies.

NBC Symphony NBC 10:00 PM: Catch it as often as you can. There's no telling how long it will last.

TUESDAY

Baby Snooks Show with Fanny Brice NBC 8:00 PM: Glorifying the American brat.

Cavalcade of America NBC 8:00 PM: History as she is sponsored.

Bob Hope Show NBC 9:00 PM: The gag grows heavy around the middle.

America's Town Meeting of the Air ABC 9:00 PM: Where the minds never meet; some light, much heat.

Fibber McGee and Molly NBC 9:30 PM: Fun at Wistful Vista.

Capitol Cloak Room CBS 10:30 PM: Washington politicos cornered by CBS newsmen.

WEDNESDAY

The Halls of Ivy NBC 8:00 PM: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. No resemblance to real campus life but urbane, pleasant, and constructive.

You Bet Your Life NBC 9:00 PM: Groucho Marx as a quizmaster. Consistently the funniest man on the air.

The Bing Crosby Show CBS 9:30 PM: A golden voice in a wilderness of synthetic chatter.

The Big Story NBC 10:00 PM: Dramatizations of actual newspaper scoops. A crime show with a good "gimmick."

THURSDAY

The Aldrich Family NBC 8:00 PM: Middletown, USA, as the sociological Lynds never found it.

Screen Guild Players ABC 8:00 PM: Good Hollywood for a good cause.

Suspense CBS 9:00 PM: One of the more artful crime shows.

FRIDAY

Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet ABC 9:00 PM: A real family engagingly playing a real family.

SATURDAY

University of Chicago Round Table 1:30 PM: Tough oak for strong teeth. Serious, learned, and bold.

First Piano Quartet NBC 6:30 PM: Four pianists. Top works. A treat.

Hopalong Cassidy CBS 8:30 PM: That's all, podner.

(All times in these listings are Eastern Standard. Please check your newspaper for local times and stations.)

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Music to My Ears

ART FROM IBERIA, A VOICE FROM CONNECTICUT

A GREAT singer and a great voice were the sum of vocal activity in Carnegie Hall during the last week of October; but, by the economy of nature practised in these paltry times, they were divided between two bodies. The great singer was Victoria de los Angeles, a lady of Spanish origin not unknown to fame on records or in Covent Garden and La Scala (soon of the Met), making her American debut; the great, nay, spectacular voice was the property of Eileen Farrell, Connecticut-born, CBS-trained, of more than casual prominence on the radio, making her formal concert debut. Whatever the economy of nature noted in the arrangement above, there was no skimping on the bodies. Both were sufficient to surround the voice, and a little more beside.

The records have certainly not misrepresented De los Angeles, who comes with some vivid warnings of quality, not in words by indiscreet proponents, but in her own tones etched in sound grooves. Whether in an excerpt from Monteverdi's "Orfeo," Scarlatti's "Le Violette," a group of German lieder, or a more characteristic assortment of Spanish art songs, there was a bright, ringing resonance, a clarity and lightness in the sound, a consummate command of the mechanics of vocal production that one rarely hears in a singer so young (twenty-six is the advertised age). Combined with this facility is a sensitivity to detail, a command of nuance typically Iberian. Think of the fastidious artistry of a Casals, a Segovia, a Bori (once, you could add an Iturbi) and you have a working idea of the frame in which this lady fits as snugly as a key in a lock.

This first recital of De los Angeles was no tidal wave of accomplishment rising to a crest of inundating merit, for want of a proper program. Monteverdi might have been dispensed with, also "Had I Jubal's Lyre" from Handel's "Joshua." One section of German lieder would have sufficed, rather than the two that were offered. More of what she did with Scarlatti's "Le Violette"—a superbly delicate cameo — would have been welcome, less of what she didn't do with Schubert's "Rastlose Liebe." The attitude seemed to be that De los Angeles was confronting some bar of musical justice, needful of corroborative evidence. Schumann's "Nussbaum" alone would have settled that issue, without the similar matter that followed.

When she was merely singing — which she does with superlative evenness, artfulness, and grace—De los Angeles made of Ravel's "Kaddisch" or Respighi's "Stornellatrice" or Falla's "Jota" a living, tense, spring-steel line that expanded and contracted to a hairsbreadth definition. When she has sung three or four times in recital and given us the measure of her dramatic ability on the Metropolitan stage (where she is scheduled to appear in March), the character of the voice will be more settled. She is, in any case, a living affirmation of Spanish musical culture, a charming artist, a mistress of vocal nuance.

Eileen Farrell, who made her recital debut the evening before in the same hall, has been on the fringe of the serious music world for most of the last decade, raising in luscious, ample sound a voice of remarkable texture, warmth, and evenness, on radio, records, more recently television. Each of the major record companies has had a try at finding a "character" for her—one decided on Victor Herbert, another on Irish songs, a third on Wagner—without resolving the problem.

Victoria de los Angeles — "a living, tense, spring-steel line."

THIS recital program—which included a taxing scene from Beethoven's "Fidelio" ("Abscheulicher"), a big Verdi aria from "Un Ballo in Maschera," various songs in German, French, and English—did not resolve the problem of finding a character for Farrell. In much of the "Fidelio" aria the vocal freedom and ease have been unapproached by any recent singer other than Flagstad; but the dramatic perception, the emotional maturity to weld the tone to the thought, the sound to the idea, the outward pattern to the inner meaning were absent. Retrospectively, there was an interesting contrast with De los Angeles; in the one instance (Farrell) a vocal capacity that outstripped its owner's art, in the other (De los Angeles) an art that could have borne with even a greater voice.

Miss Farrell's misfortune, merely, is the possession of one of the most striking voices of the day—something comparable with a Ponselle or a Giannini in yesteryear or the Traubel of about 1936. Whether she can grow dramatically and musically to its potentialities is not to be answered by one Carnegie Hall recital or three or five. I see her scheduled for a slow, painful (if ever) emergence — say, half a dozen years hence. In the meantime (Congress being willing) there will always be De los Angeles.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Little Ballerina

By Mary Ballard Duryee

THE LIGHT leaf of her body springs
From the small rooted toes that strain
To lift her like a flower in rain;

Weaving a wreath above her hair
The pale buds of her fingers lace.
Candles are lit behind her face.

With every art she can employ—
A child who treads the fiery air—
She builds above the wells of fear
This resolute flesh, this instant joy.

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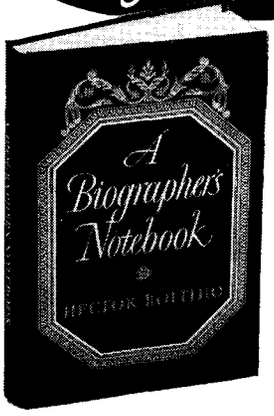
PERSONAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 13)

"Hungry Hearts" and was whisked away out of Hester Street, where she had been subsisting on this same day upon stewed tea leaves prepared over a rusty gas plate. Then the fairy story which Mr. Goldwyn made to come true with a whisk of his pen: the incredible luxury of Hollywood hotels, the frenetic interviews with the wonder-boys, Paul Bern, Irving Lenz—"Duchess! Wonder girl! The picture of the century! You've dipped your pen in your heart! You're a natural born sob-sister"—the meeting with the Hollywood gods, Rupert Hughes, Alice Duer Miller, Gertrude Atherton, Elinor Glyn, Will Rogers, and the ghastly, disheartening realization that they had all put love, pity, integrity behind them and were expecting her to do the same. "How long has it been since you were poor?" she asked Rogers. "Not so long ago," he answered. "But I gave them what they wanted. You did too. Lap up the cream while the going's good." Everyone in Hollywood was crowded about the cream bowl. And only a madman or a poet or a dreamer, only an artist would pause to ask the questions Miss Yezierska asked of herself. What do I want to write about? What do *they* want me to write? What will they do to me? What am I doing here?

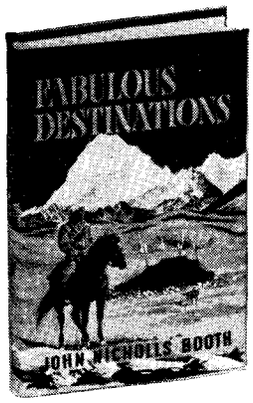
William Fox offered her a $100,000 contract for three years of writing, and she walked away from it, hearing him call after her, "Who do you think you are, Joan of Arc?" She spent the next ten years trying to find out, to see if she could get back again to the wholeness of spirit that had gone into "Hungry Hearts." But she had been marred already and there were other things to come—obscurity again, the Depression, the WPA project, and a characteristically foreshortened love affair clouded with all the moonstruck romantics of blind adolescence. It is a measure of Miss Yezierska's writing integrity that she has recorded this now, in the clarity of backward-looking, in exactly the terms and tones of that year so hot with uncertainty. Everything else here—the humiliating experience with the Writers' Project, the attempt to rub shoulders with the world of New England, the brief and painful meetings with her father—everything points to the same glad tidings. If the shocks and alarms of American life had once frozen her into silence, she has unfrozen again. She seems to be writing with as much vision and emotional projection as ever before. We hope that she will not pause again for so long a time.

For Saturday Review readers . . . .



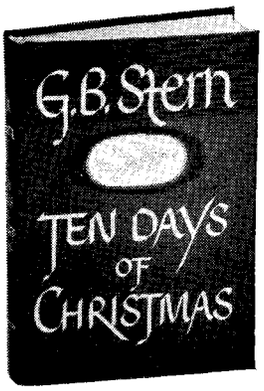
A Biographer's Notebook
by HECTOR BOLITHO

The author of THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA writes intimate stories and personal recollections of famous and fabulous personages—Queen Marie of Roumania, the Amir of Transjordan, Prince Albert's unfortunate mother, Albert Edward, and other fascinating people. $3.50



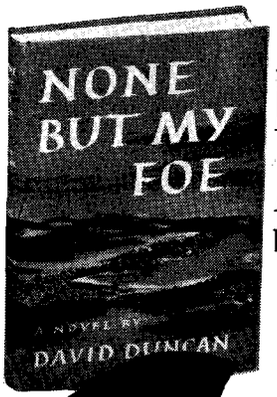
Fabulous Destinations
by JOHN NICHOLLS BOOTH

The entertaining adventures in the Orient of a young man who set out to see the world on a shoestring. He ran into everything from earthquakes and typhoons to erupting volcanoes and guerrilla warfare—and describes it all with rare gusto. $3.50



Ten Days of Christmas
by G. B. STERN

Volatile temperament, confidence betrayed, tragi-comic situation—all G. B. Stern's familiar magic is evoked in this new novel. Laid in a beautiful country setting, it describes the emotional involvements of an English family at Christmastime. $3.50



None But My Foe
by DAVID DUNCAN

Angry at a stupid man's abuse of power, Stephen Smith takes a diabolical revenge on society—until the hoax leaps terrifyingly out of control, and an innocent man's life is endangered. By the author of *The Madrone Tree* and *The Serpent's Egg*. $3.00

At all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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lap of luxury, entertaining the shrewd German commander and a timid Italian general who could be bribed to see to it that when the Americans arrive the bridge will remain intact. The conversations between the two brothers are masterpieces of verbal fencing.

Guy makes his offer of fifty thousand dollars and, to his astonishment, it is accepted. But there are awkward and humiliating demands; the racketeer insists upon safe passage to America, a Medal of Honor, and, worst of all, the right to return to one of his old professions by acquiring girls from Italy and even North Africa to fill a string of licensed bordellos which he would manage for the benefit of American troops. Guy makes his hazardous journey back through the lines. General Culpepper grimly accepts; but one of his officers, who suffers from an aching conscience, balks, as well he might, at the bordellos. Guy is sent back to the villa knowing that he has to lie to an intuitive and shrewd man, and that when the Army has driven the Germans back the final, ugly proviso will be canceled.

The chapters that follow are tense with the excitement of constant danger and hidden motives. One of the best scenes in the book is Guy's meeting with the German commander, who is suspicious enough to try out on him his skill in the art of cat-and-mouse cross-examination. The commander is a four-square villain of the old Eric von Stroheim school, but he is nevertheless a convincing figure. Bartolomeo's wife is lightly sketched, but it will be hard for the reader to forget this pale, voluptuous, and coldly venal woman who is living in constant fear of a sadistic man. In addition, there is the slightly pathetic but wholehearted American girl with whom Guy is having a love affair, and a memorable officer, an archeologist, who had devoted his life to the ancient civilizations of Etruria until he was seized by the Army simply because he had spent a long time in Italy. The reader will find "Walk with the Devil" a deftly contrived story, one of those rare books of which reviewers too commonly write that it kept them awake all night.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 385

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 385 will be found in the next issue.

ABCZYXB DC ZEY

FDCWGA GO

HMGPLEYNWC.

EGXNPY FNMRGMY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 384

Laughter is the hiccup of a fool.
—J. RAY, *English Proverbs*

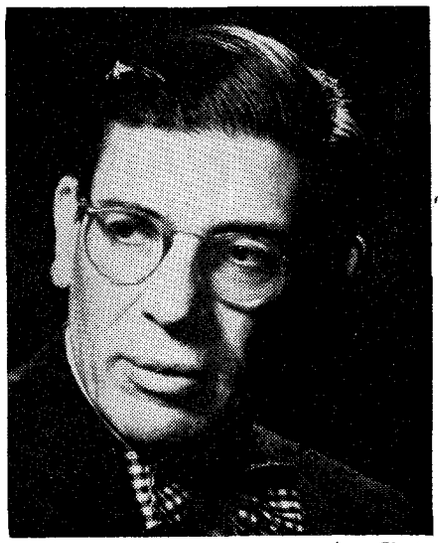
Fiction Notes

THE ABANDONED, by Paul Gallico. Knopf. $2.75. Catcalls and cat-astrophe to the human race if this endearing fantasy does not become the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of stray cats! In portraying Jennie, a London tabby, Paul Gallico has given us not only a cat's-eye view of the cosmos but a cat immortal.

With rare charm and insight "The Abandoned" describes the adventures of eight-year-old Peter, a Boy-into-Cat who is befriended by Mr. Gallico's four-footed heroine. Jennie is a soldier in that army of gallant little derelicts that, once the cherished pets of city households, have been cruelly abandoned by their masters. Through Peter's story we learn how such a soldier thinks, trains, and fights in guerrilla defense against a man's world.

Not all the giant bipeds who own the world are a stray cat's enemies. Mr. Grims, the watchman, lonely, lovable old Bill, asks nothing of Jennie and Peter but companionship. The crew of the unpatrician *Countess of Greenock* are a friendly and amusing lot. To be sure, Jennie and Peter earn their passage to Glasgow many times over, for the *Countess* is a rodent-ridden tub.

Mr. Gallico adapts his famous sports-writing technique to the small-scale movements of a hunting, playing, fighting feline, movements fascinatingly attuned to the subtleties of cat nature. But it is the look into Jennie's loyal, warm little heart that should, if anything can, win over the most benighted of ailurophobes. As for the rest of us, one meow gets you two that a green-eyed, pink-nosed



—*Arne Glantz.*

Paul Gallico—"a cat's-eye view."

Londoner will soon scamper into that Valhalla where dwell Bambi, Black Beauty, and Bob, Son of Battle.
—ANN F. WOLFE.

THE RINGING OF THE GLASS, by Preston Schoyer. Dodd, Mead. $3. Mr. Schoyer is an old China hand and knows his way intimately about the East. Why, then, has he lavished his knowledge upon a story which, for all it has to tell us, might just as well have been written by someone who has never been further East than Pell Street? It concerns chiefly an adventure with Chinese pirates involving a beautiful Eurasian girl and a young American who "finds" himself and comes out of the danger with a new self-confidence plus the girl. There are a certain charm and wit about the tale, even though we do begin to tire of the young American in search of his soul; he could have found himself sooner if he had only looked. But the chief objection here is that this is a trivial tale and looks even more trivial against its elaborate and exotic setting. —N. L. R.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, by Florette Henri. Doubleday. $3. Despite the undiminishing popularity of historical novels which follow the "Amber" formula it is evident that some writers are finding courage to break away from its shallow concepts. One of them is Florette Henri, who proves in her first novel that it is possible to write an absorbing story outside the sex-sadism-duels-at-dawn tradition. Unfortunately, her hero, Reece MacDermott, is the story's weakest character, but Sally, Tom Whittacre, Abe Franks, Billy Rover, and Colonel Ferguson make up for MacDermott's shortcomings and move through the story with sufficient credibility.

Reece is a swashbuckling Paul Re-

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vere intent upon arousing Southern patriots to the dangers of Cornwallis's advance through the Carolinas. The mountain men, reluctant to leave their homes vulnerable to Indian and Tory raids, ignore his warnings to consolidate their forces into an army fully equipped to meet the British. When their small bands are repeatedly defeated and Colonel Ferguson threatens to come over the mountains and plunder their lands, the shell of isolationism cracks and the truth of MacDermott's words is realized. The newly-formed patriot army of the Carolinas engages and defeats Ferguson's forces in the battle of Kings Mountain. Their victory assures Reece of the eventual success of the American Revolution.

Although the progression of historical events provides the bulk of excitement and suspense, myriad touches of local color, romance, and characterization make this partial reconstruction of a vital period in our history a well-rounded, entertaining story. —JOSEPH M. GRANT.

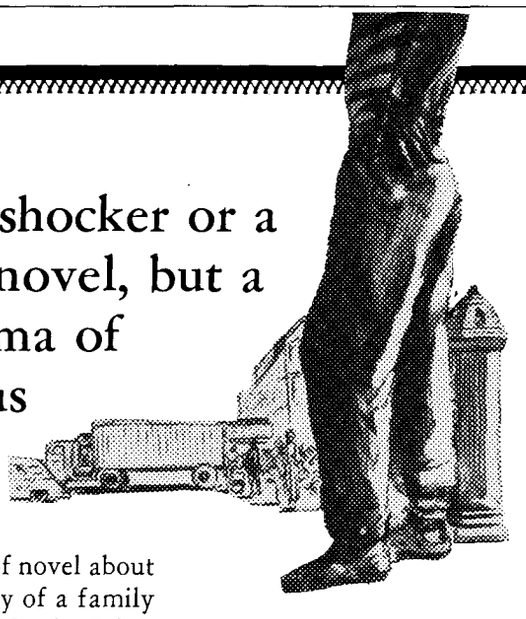
STAR OF GLASS, by Ann Birstein. Dodd, Mead. $2.75. Probably the better aspects of this book emerge when it is read as an exposé, when it is seen as a visit to the sanctum of sanctity, when one imagines it subtitled "Inside Jewry." On this level, the most understandable since it employs at least a small bit of fact, the reader is able to dismiss the amateur characterizations and the fuzzy motivations and see the novel as somewhat interesting. It is the story of the workings of a synagogue, of the animosities and disparagements which fringe the holiest of places. Here, says Miss Birstein, is a place of squalor, a place where the rabbi loves neither his wife nor his congregation, where pride and vanity take the place of humility.

Unfortunately, this part of the novel is much in the background. The meaning of the larger part of the story is, I'm afraid, completely lost. It seems to concern the meeker thread in the congregation's tangled skein and it appears to be a love story between the rabbi's secretary and his brother. It is a story that makes little sense because the people speak and move more as props and prototypes than as human beings. They are conceived so heavily as Jews and are forced so entirely into an unreal idiom that they lose all their natural humor and dimension. Because of this the characters have been mechanically teamed, and there seems to be a kind of muddy message along with this. All the bullies, and these are stereotyped as crude, broken-English Jews, get banished from the sanctum, and the meek inherit the synagogue. —MADELON SHAPIRO.

TORCH FOR A DARK JOURNEY, by Lionel Shapiro. Doubleday. $3. At the center of this tale we have Gregor Karlene, a world-famous Czech geologist who is smuggled out from behind the Iron Curtain by an American oil man, Justin Clayfield. Clayfield, the familiar pattern of a brash, expansive, at once naive and amoral American industrialist, needs Karlene to exploit his new Texas oil fields; he has invested in the freedom of Karlene and expects his dividends. But Karlene's problem is the more complex, for this freedom from his own country is a sharp-edged boon. After the thrilling physical adventure of escape across the border, Karlene suffers another and profounder conflict. It is the old, agonized self-questioning of the exile: where does his homeland lie, and where his loyalties?

There is another story overlaid upon this one, a love story designed to give, shall we say, popular appeal to the otherwise bleakly moral dilemma. Philip Channing, an American newsman with one of the large press agencies, is sent to France to cover this story with all of its tangle of political implications. Channing falls in love with Moussia, Karlene's daughter, and out of his emotional involvement he comes to regard his duties as a newshawk in a new light. He abstains from pumping Karlene on conditions in Czechoslovakia, understanding Karlene's reluctance to play the role of informer; he withholds part of the story, a newsman's heresy and symbol, again, of the dilemma of choice in a time of trouble.

The elements, then, have been combined and brought to precipitation with obvious melodramatic purpose. Certainly, this is not as it stands a serious study of the political or ethical factors involved. Nevertheless, it contains a statement of them in the person of Karlene, the one impeccably mature character in the book, the one figure of real contemporary rele-



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vance. I should think he represents a theme that will certainly be treated someday in a greater book. For the rest, the romantics of Channing and Moussia, the melodramatics of Endor, the Communist, and Aleksandrow, the adventurer, and others serve to make the story what it is always at the very least: continuously exciting and diverting. —N. L. R.

WILL OF IRON, by Isadore Rosen. Crown. $3. This is a Brooklyn ghetto story, which at its best gives us photographic reality, without a spark of inner life to transcend it. None of the people in it seems to have any other idea than to get on in life, to make a little more money, to live better, i.e., more prosperously. The dreamers who peopled Zangwill's stories are singularly absent. The heroine is a matriarch who, married to a good-natured but ineffectual husband, and having a large family, took matters into her own hands. Ruth was not one for lying down on her job. She started by buying and selling buttons, peddling them in the street and from door to door. When she had enough money she opened a store, in which buttons were but a small item. She enlarged the store when it became necessary. Then there was a fire, and the store was consumed. Ruth hadn't insured it. Did that worry her? No, not Ruth. She had established credit, and was soon running a larger store than before. Ruth grew prosperous. Her daughter

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

OSCULATION, WIDE AND OTHERWISE

Chester G. Curtiss, of Easthampton, Mass., offers fifteen quotations on the subject of kissing. Allowing seven points if you can name either the author or the source of each, a score of sixty-three is par, seventy is very good, and eighty-four or better is excellent. Answers on page 45.

1. Or leave a kiss but in the cup
   And I'll not look for wine.
2. Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss!
3. For each red ear a general kiss he gains.
4. Yet I smile and whisper this:
   I am not the thing you kiss.
5. Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
   Youth's a stuff will not endure.
6. The rough male kiss of blankets.
7. One kind kiss before we part;
   Drop a tear and bid adieu.
8. Yet each man kills the thing he loves. . . .
   The coward does it with a kiss.
9. Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
   Robin's lost in play,
   But the kiss in Colin's eyes
   Haunts me night and day.
10. I couldn't stand it, sir, at all
    But up and kissed her on the spot!
11. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.
12. Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.
13. When we fall out with those we love
    And kiss again with tears.
14. Many a green-gown has been given,
    Many a kiss, both odd and even.
15. Some there be that shadows kiss;
    Such have but a shadow's bliss.

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Clara married, her son Simon became a salesman. Sarah also married, but still carried on her legal studies and became a lawyer. Irving was imbecilic, and the matchmaker found an eligible spinster for him, not quite old enough to be his mother. Clara, unhappy, attempted suicide. Leo, the father, who could imitate Charlie Chaplin's walk, died of an internal ailment. But even iron-willed Ruth couldn't always manage her family as she desired. None of the family seemed to have found any real purpose in life, any real happiness.

—JOHN COURNOS.

THE REST THEY NEED, by Herbert Lyons. Dial. $3. This is the story of a heel. Gregory Grigson, editor of *The Weekly Review,* is a self-centered, scheming mediocrity, with hardly a redeeming quality. He is jealous of ability in others, suspicious that his staff is trying to undermine him, and is constantly plotting to get himself a still better job in the magazine chain of which his paper is but one unit.

The book, however, is not about another Lucescapist. The author disavows any finger-pointing. He hardly needs to for here is no true smell of printer's ink, none of the excitement, flavor, rush, and cheerful freewheeling that are characteristic of most editorial rooms. The focus here is on the meanness of Grigson, the pitiful weakness of his associates, who dare not risk losing their jobs, the worm's-eye views of the office help, whose lives are warped by routine.

Mr. Lyons is commendably resentful of injustice, yet his tone is perhaps too serious and humorless for the situation he presents. It wasn't that bad. After all, Grigson finally overreached himself. No one can deny that office politics is a familiar ulcer, which can become malignant on occasion, but the supine folk in *The Weekly Review* would fall into slavery anywhere. What they needed was not rest, but courage and hope.

—J. C. LONG.

THE DEEPENING YEAR, by Mabel Louise Robinson. Westminster Press, Philadelphia. $3. Life for the five Denbys had been comfortable and secure, and they all loved each other. But after Philip Denby came home from the war with blindness threatening, the comfort and the security were gone. Making a house in a Long Island summer community do for the winter, Hannah Denby was determined that the love, at least, should stay.

Her task would not be an easy one. Philip had moments of bitter regret for the forced rest from his successful law career, resentment for his uselessness to his family; the three children had each a problem that the change in environment and income intensified.

Hannah never wavered, except momentarily, for her ebullient sense of humor and rather astounding energy kept her in constant full gear. Little by little problems began to be solved, and a new pattern of family living emerged. True, for each problem eradicated there seemed to be a new one to fill its place. But Hannah remained undaunted; and the year and the book round out with all the Denbys knowing that in this little community, with the sea for a front yard, they have found new values.

Miss Robinson must love children, judging from the delightful portraits of the three here. One likes all the Denbys, in fact, cares what happens to them, wants their difficulties to resolve. But Hannah's gallantry is relentlessly breathless. She pops off like soda water from the very first page and this reader felt soon exhausted from the cheerful fizz.

It's a warm, readable story. One cannot help feeling glad the year brought the Denbys happiness.

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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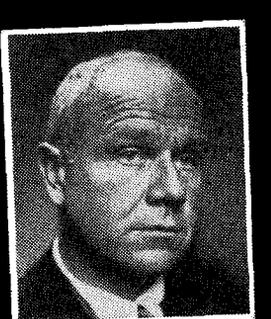

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By CRANE BRINTON

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UNREQUIRED READING

(Continued from page 10)

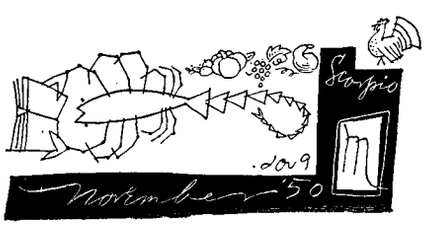
something unexpected in the way of beauty and truth. For the pleasure in reading is far from being that simply of nibbling literary hors d'oeuvres. De Quincey divided books into those of knowledge and those of power, power over our hearts and imagination. But there are books of knowledge that have that power. There happened to be published in this country just at the time I was a freshman the series of volumes written mostly by Britons called the Home University Library. The little yellow volumes contained small masterpieces of exposition of important things, presented without either dulness or pomposity. Bertrand Russell's "Problems of Philosophy," Whitehead's "Introduction to Mathematics," Marett's "Anthropology"—all opened up vistas of unexplored possibility for me, and from H. N. Brailsford's "Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle" I got more of a sense of the romantic movement in English poetry than from the more pretentious works of scholarship I was asked to read. Not that the book was better than those, but it was small, modest, intimate, *and* I had found it for myself. On the reading lists were always books that were merely suggested, and those seemed ever so much more inviting than those that were commanded. Conybeare's "Myth, Magic, and Morals"—I don't know whether it was as good as it then seemed—but I am sure Fustel de Coulanges's "The Ancient City" was.

As it turned out Fate or accident brought me into a life of professional dealing with books. I read them as a professional student of philosophy, I review them as a professional reviewer, occasionally I read them in manuscript to tell publishers with an intended mixture of shrewdness and academic responsibility whether they are worth publishing for themselves or for profit or for both. But all that reading I do not think really counts, not as entertainment, not as education. It is the unrequired reading one steals time for that is the reader's lifeblood.

The great thing about a book is having it in one's home like a medicine or an analgesic, a stimulus or a soporific when the drugstores are all closed. Late at night one's private library is like a medicine chest. One cannot tell what one will be in the mood for or what one's spirit will most urgently crave. Or if the analogy seems too medicinal, perhaps the refrigerator or the cookie jar will do. Who knows when suddenly, late at night when libraries and bookstores are tight shut, there will come into one's head the sudden passionate need to reread some Dickens? Or, if the truth be told, to read some of him for the first time? Somewhere one day, in a critic I greatly respected, I found a parenthetic clause which said, " 'Our Mutual Friend,' which is, of course, Dickens's masterpiece." I bridled a little at the "of course." I tried to think back to the book itself and to my discomfiture I realized I had never read it. That night I was happy that a year ago I had purchased a set of Dickens in big, clear type on a spacious page. After about fifty pages I began to see the plausibility of the easy dogmatism of my critical friend.

Again there may pop into one's head a passage which had bemused one many years ago, like the opening chapter on the London fog in "Bleak House" or the death of the Bishop's wife in Trollope's "Last Chronicles of Barset," that definitive portrait of a dominating woman in whose death scene, at once ironic and pathetic, one may find one of the places where it is impossible to condescend to Trollope. There are any number of books I should, I think, never have read had I not prudently bought them against the time I should have the time to read them, the letters of Edward Fitzgerald, for example, or those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or Kilvert's Diary, the journal of that gifted and obscure provincial English cleric whose tender and acute notes on life and nature, and on his life and nature, came to light only a few years ago. And there are works born to be read perennially like the essays of Emerson, the sermons of Donne.

Raiding the icebox is not half so much fun as raiding one's shelves, and sometimes one is surprised to find what books one has bought or received through the kind (or calculated thoughtfulness) of some publisher heaven knows when. When on earth and where did one pick up Henry James's "Notes of a Son and Brother" with its emotions recollected from boyhood of New York of a century ago? One recalls perhaps where one found "A Little Tour in France."



There is the familiar paper-covered Tauchnitz edition of prewar memory found in a little bookshop at Nimes, along with other apparatus, like guidebooks for English-speaking tourists visiting the magical landscape of Provence for the first time.

AND that by a natural association leads me to consider the reading one has done, not only unrequiredly but unexpectedly largely because of the distributive enterprise of American publishers. The twenty-five-cent, now more likely the thirty-five-cent, book and the Modern Library found in small stationery shops or drugstores in remote prairie towns—what a boon these are to the traveler, how much they provide pleasure and enlightenment for hours that would otherwise be fretfully or dully passed in airports or railway stations waiting for delayed planes or trains. Often it is true that one can go through a whole sheaf of reprints to find nothing save "Blood on the Moon" or "Thunderbird on the Trail," but, especially lately, the foraging is better. Sometimes, because the choices worth consideration are few, one is happily constrained to light upon something that is not exactly in the mood one had been looking for but establishes another mood and opens another realm of gold or truth. What I was hoping for one day, marooned for hours in Great Falls, Montana, was a novel, say, by Virginia Woolf. What I found was George Gamow's "Life and Death of the Sun," a book calculated to give one a more stable sense of proportion, even of orientation on the Korean or any other crisis than could the most comprehensive picture weekly or the most thorough review of the week. These reprint series afford wonderful chances, at odd moments and at minimal expense, to take a look—often at the outset a prejudiced look—at books that have had an undignified popularity, and to discover that even if it isn't true in the phrase of a once-famous advertising slogan that such popularity must be deserved, at least there are reasons popularity is attained, reasons not altogether of high-pressure publicity.

I have written for the most part as if unrequired meant necessarily scattered or relatively trivial reading. There must be earnest souls among my readers who feel that it ought to be said that reading even for pleasure includes the pleasures of knowledge and of thought as well as those of imagination and of fancy. It does. I have been stressing the interest of the general or the common reader. But the general reader is with respect to specific fields always in some mild respect a specialist, even if only in the matter of taste; when Samuel

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Johnson used the term common reader he meant it as a compliment, and the common reader is often uncommonly serious in his literary pleasures. There are books of knowledge that give twin delights: first that of pleasure in exposition lucidly and persuasively done, and the larger joy of vision of the world—a wider and a more exact vision of the universe around us or some crucial, timely, or timeless aspect of it. There are volumes of the gravest history, the most severe speculative philosophy, poetry, the most concentrated and reflective, so long as they are read not because one feels one must fill in this gap in one's knowledge of medieval history or that hole in one's knowledge of the byways of metaphysics or that era or school of poetry. It is clear that the line between reading and study is not a sharp one. But there is a distinction. One does not just *read* Spinoza's "Ethics" (it is a work demanding the severest concentration) but also one does not always read late at night or when one is quite tired. It is possible to read for fun when one is full of energy and health, on a summer day at a mountain altitude, and on vacation, and it is at such times that such intellectually muscular exercise is a true pleasure. In music there are *divertimenti*, serenades, and bagatelles which are enjoyed simply for their delicious minor selves. In music, too, there are requiem masses, sonatas, and symphonies, and there are the late quartets of Beethoven that at least one serious writer has held to disclose whole other worlds or aspects of *our* whole world not expressible in any other way. Most of this article I have been discussing the *divertimenti* of literature. But there is no essential reason why the most demanding and profound of books should not provide along with the tension of effort the pleasures that one may, I think, without professional bias call philosophical.

The analogy with music is not merely fanciful. In music, too, especially when one is only half and dreamily listening or listening with the unthinking ear, it is in smaller incidental works that one may most acutely be aware of the delicacies of counterpoint and rhythms, of melody, color, and orchestration. But in listening to works on a scale grander both in size and in reference one is not listening simply to the surface of sounds but to the meaning and structure of a world, perhaps, as Schopenhauer thought, of *the* world. It is in the printed word and by way of it that these wider and more comprehensive delights, that the joys of contemplative insight as well as the athletic virtuosities of thought may be experienced. For centuries men have climbed

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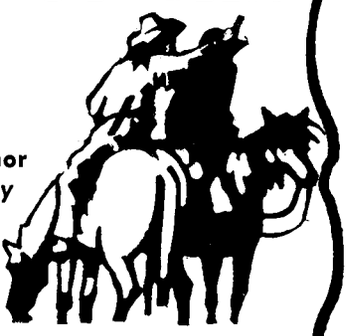

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mountains for the sheer arduous enterprising pleasure of it, as well as for the ultimate rewarding view. There are books the very reading of which by slow, ascending, total comprehension constitutes stringent but genuine joy. But to take Spinoza's "Ethics" again as an example. Through the careful mastery of it it comes to be enjoyable; the final joy is the achieved vision, the perspective opened upon the eternally glowing serenity that such a perspective yields.

I do not mean to imply that serious works in philosophy are always hard reading though they may demand, even to enjoy them as writing, intense and wakeful alertness. There is a spurious superstition, fortified I fear by the practice of many American scholars, that profound books must be difficult, that serious works must be written with awkward want of grace. It is true that nobody reads Aristotle's "Metaphysics" for its prose style nor, for that matter, works by John Dewey. But there is a long and splendid tradition in philosophy of books at once serious as to matter, distinguished and beguiling as to style; one has but to remember David Hume and Bishop Berkeley. There are in all conscience ultimate ambiguities about life and nature, but even the difficulties of understanding the world can be clearly stated, and it was Aristotle himself who suggested that to know anything was to be able to state it.

It therefore turns out that there are occasions in our reading when the joys of unrequired reading are matched by the profit of wisdom. Books read for pleasure turn out to be liberators of imagination, transmitters of insight, disclosures of life seen steadily and whole; books written out of the most serious concerns of existence turn out to be entrancing literature. There is an aftermath of Puritanism, of moral asceticism among us that makes us suspicious of reading done for the spontaneity or the devil of it. Especially in times of crisis (crisis now seems to have become the normal weather of the world) reading for fun seems to have the immorality of a holiday at the wrong time, an escape from things that urgently need doing. Such spare time as we have we are frequently asked to turn to useful reading. We must find out more about civil defense, about soil erosion, about the welfare or, as its opponents think, the illfare of the state. We need to be briefed at once concerning the history and culture of Korea. We have to know all about Indo-China, and now. Doubtless we do, if only to become armchair strategists.

But at the risk of being thrown to the Congressional Committees as a saboteur I would like to plead not only the intrinsic enjoyments but the timely social usefulness of unrequired reading. As we are often reminded (even at the wrong moment) there is slave labor in Russia. We need to beware lest, out of hysterical fear, we make standard among ourselves the habit of a slave labor of the mind. The freedom of joy, including the freedom to enjoy reading, the liberty for play of imagination, for roving over the whole domain of time and space and humanity—these will help keep freedom alive among us politically. It is not slaves who will be concerned about freedom, and it is only free minds that will keep the values of civilization fresh and growing among us. One of those values is the unrequired adventuring among books, the lifeblood of our civilization.

Irwin Edman, Johnsonian Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, is author of "Philosopher's Holiday" and other books. This essay is based on the annual Bowker Memorial Lecture, which he delivered recently at the New York Public Library.

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ANOTHER MUG FOR THE BIER *Richard Starnes* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Old Doc Peachy, forensic and poison expert (including Bourbon) solves Washington, D. C., puzzle with ease, but only after one man, two women, one horse are corpsed.	Nice light touch on Capital doings despite narrator Barney Forge's tendency to coy wisecracks. Mystery pleasantly thick, solution too thin.	Above average
HAPPY HOLIDAY! *Thaddeus O'Finn* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Murder of unpleasant lawyer on Midwest summer-resort island interrupts holiday for woman-hater cop Clancy, and his whole supposedly jolly family.	Outstanding for most irritating heroine-suspect of the year, and little else, except confusion.	At your own risk

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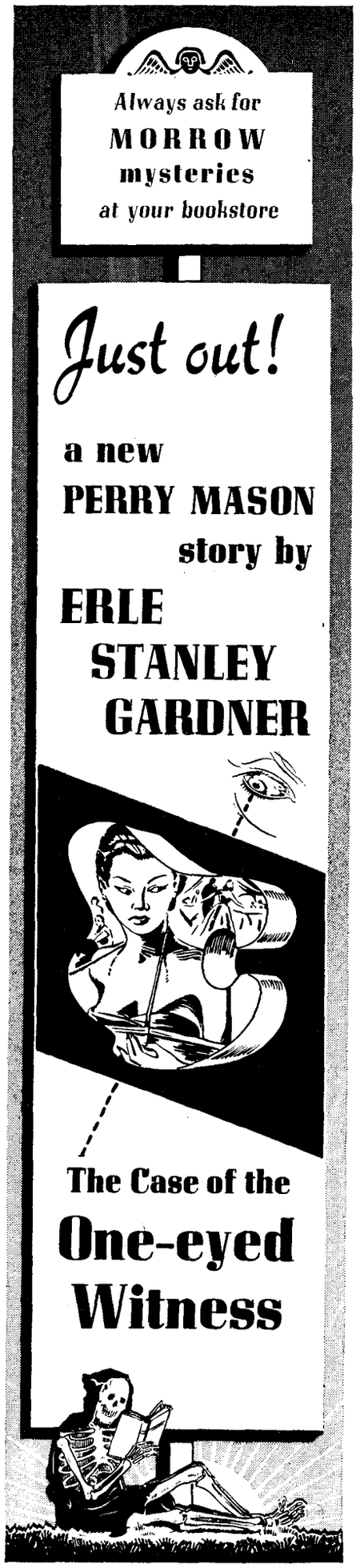
The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
RCA LP MISCELLANY		
HINDEMITH: "MATTHIAS THE PAINTER" ("Mathis der Maler"). NBC Symphony, Cantelli. RCA Victor LP: LM 1089* (with Haydn Symphony #93)	The Hindemith represents the new NBC Sym. policy—nicely live (Carnegie Hall) instead of dead. Fine stuff! The Haydn is of the old, neo-8H type, dull.	An interesting dissection, with much revealing inner detail, less over-all coherence than Hindemith's own version on Capitol and the old 78 Ormandy (DM 854). Inner details count in this music, too.
FRANCK: SYMPHONY IN D MINOR. San Francisco Symphony, Monteux. RCA Victor LP: LM 1065*	These RCA's are hard to analyze; not really too good on hi-fi equipment though excellent on usual phonographs. The new ones all have big, distant liveness, of RCA tradition; but highs are not crisp, sharp as in other firms' LP's—may be a function of mike placement. Similarly, bass is varyingly on weak side (less so in the newest batch, it seems) — may be mikes and/or LP recording "characteristic"; they sound good with high (800) turnover (i.e. with some bass boosting).	Surely the prize LP interpretation. Sympathetic, warm, minus usual excess bombast. Beautiful dynamic shading.
OFFENBACH - DORATI: "HELEN OF TROY" ("La Belle Hélène"). Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. RCA Victor LP: LM 22 (10")*		Ballet music sequel to familiar "Gaîté Parisienne," conducted by a ballet man. Less bang and crash, more schmaltz and waltz than in usual glittering Offenbach offerings.
MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO #23 IN A, K.488. FALLA: "NIGHTS IN THE GARDENS OF SPAIN." Artur Rubinstein; St. Louis Symphony, Golschmann. RCA Victor LP: LM 1091*	The Mozart-Falla is perhaps the best of these, with more natural bass, wider, more enveloping perspective. Hard-toned piano (Rubinstein?) is quite close, undistorted. A good LP, decidedly.	Replaces R.'s old version, VDM 147—Mozart lovers stay clear! A harder, more insensitive playing of outer mvts. unimaginable (though middle mvt. is better). Golschmann's orch. backing is nice, if bit soft. The "Nights," more R.'s style, fare better; orchestra counts more heavily, too.
GLAZOUNOFF: VIOLIN CONCERTO, OP 82. MOZART: ADAGIO, K.261; RONDO, K.373. Milstein; RCA Victor Symphony, Golschmann. RCA Victor LP: LM 1064*	The RCA Victor Symphony recording suits the Glazounoff as do the performers, but Mozart suffers similarly; for him the sound is over-ripe (i.e. soft highs, atmospheric liveness minus bite and edge to details, solo rather too pronounced). The Elgar, from England, is not dissimilar in sound, though there is some harshness (distortion) in higher end as I hear it. Huge Heifetz.	Milstein - Golschmann a fine team for softly romantic Glazounoff—but a bit starry-eyed for Mozart. Pleasant, edgeless playing in both solo and orchestra.
ELGAR: VIOLIN CONCERTO, OP. 61. Heifetz; London Symphony, Sargent. RCA Victor LP: LM 1090*		For them as likes it, here's top romantic Heifetz in a great big sentimentally sincere piece of high romance. A good work but turgidly involved, for many of today's ears.
CONCERTANTE—OLD AND NEW		
MOZART: SINFONIE CONCERTANTE IN E FLAT, K.Anh.9 (Einstein 297b); DIVERTIMENTO #3, 2 CLARINETS AND BASSOON. Winds of Vienna & Philharmonic State Opera Orchs., Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 50-20	Up to the best of Westminster's wonderfully live and full Viennese tape recording of concertante music (i.e. for groups of soloists, small solo-orchestra). Warmer, with more presence than Capitol below.	A top Mozart work in a much better, more natural recording than the once-wonderful, overblown Stokowski-Phila. album (VDM 751). An ideal set-up, this concertante music, for recorded realism. Divertimento is nicely-played trifle.
STRAUSS: DUET-CONCERTINO FOR CLARINET, HARP, STRINGS (1948). HONEGGER: CONCERTO DA CAMERA FOR FLUTE, ENG. HORN, STRINGS (1948). Members Los Angeles Chamber Sym., Byrns. Capitol LP: P-8115*	Since 1912 or so it's been fashionable to call "late" Strauss burnt out. This incredibly late, 1948, work, small-group, concertante style after Mozart, is remarkably vigorous, melodious, free of brash blatancy of earlier works. Not great surely, but decidedly a master's work and refreshingly listenable. Suggestions of "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Rosenkavalier" sweetness; conservatively harmonized, entirely unmodern but quite valid. The Honegger, also concertante, is as always stylistically unsure, with pronounced French-English impressionist touches mixed with dissonance. Not very impressive, I'd say.	

** Also other speeds*

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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THE FINE ARTS

A BUCOLIC PAST & A GIDDY JUNGLE

WE ARE in, I fear, for a period of unhealthy interest in normalcy so far as the public's acceptance of the arts is concerned. By this I mean that more and more people, revolted that their civilization should so soon again be in anguish, grow impatient when artists propose something new, strange, or troubled instead of familiar and happy. There could be no clearer indication of this state of affairs than the fame of Grandma Moses. Among her countrymen she is probably the best known of our living painters; her pictures have been sent abroad to represent American art; she and her paintings are now the subject of a documentary film in color.*

There is this to be said of her at once. She is absolutely real, absolutely authentic as a personality: a brave, vigorous, forthright, unspoiled woman of great age and remarkable beauty. The film about her makes this evident as never before. It is impossible not to like and admire her, and none but the hopelessly dyspeptic or frivolous would care to try. But her art is a very minor achievement, and that, too, the film makes obvious. As the camera shows close-up details of her canvases, her limitations become inescapably apparent. They are not to be redeemed by the vast amount of geratic romanticism which attaches to her name. She lacks, to put it briefly, both of the alternate attributes of great popular art—lyric freshness and emotional intensity.

The first of these qualities is the one we might expect of her, for serenity is the essence of her nature. Yet anyone who understands the inventive lyricism of the finest "primitives," of all ages and countries, will see at once how circumscribed is her gift. It is idle to compare her with the Douanier Rousseau. That is a test no other popular artist of modern times can survive. But everywhere, not least of all in our own country, there have been numerous naive painters whose poetic vision has been expressed with marked originality. Grandma Moses's art, on the contrary, is crudely repetitive, pleasant but extremely mild. Her most decided gift is a certain compositional ingenuity, not changeable or bold, merely adequate. Her color is bright and clear—and very limited in subtlety and range. Her illustrative talent is completely usual, neither better nor worse than that of countless amateur artists all over the country, certainly not in the class with that of Edward Hicks or Joseph Pickett.

I therefore think it fair to say that it is not she who creates the poetry which many people find in her pictures. Rather it is the observers' own nostalgia for an almost vanished bucolic simplicity. We should keep in mind that the very sight of a maple-syrup bucket is enough to make many of us curse our traffic lights; we should remember that a number of our most energetic citizens try to create in their houses, at great expense, a homespun atmosphere reminiscent of Abe Lincoln's birthplace. At any rate, the geratic romanticism to which I have referred is especially applicable to Grandma Moses's art. She does not invent a more blissful past. She has herself survived it. She takes us back into it as into living memory. By believing in her paintings we are able to believe that the past has never really stopped.

We would not expect this gentle, peaceful woman to convey the alternate quality of first-rate popular art—emotional acuteness. Indeed, her painting is widely acceptable precisely because it lacks this quality. The fact is that many people are made uneasy by the more penetrating kinds of naive expression, sensing and perhaps fearing their power, longing, and awe. I am not, of course, referring to the arts of truly primitive races, which are an entirely separate matter. But among the works by self-taught, unsophisticated painters, here and in Europe, there are many images whose relentless realism or fantasy far transcends the decorative. One need only think of John Kane's superb self portrait, of Horace Pippin's best pictures, and of Hirshfield's and Patrick J. Sullivan's, of Bauchant's historical scenes, of Bombois' nudes, and always, naturally, of Rousseau's giddy jungles.

IF GRANDMA MOSES'S paintings contain none of the antidecorative intensity to which I have been alluding, should we for that reason describe their direction as the only valid and healthy one, while dismissing the grimmer forms of popular art as perverse? To do so would be exactly like eliminating all dark content from poetic drama, leaving the field to optimism alone. Yet some critics and laymen are already making this mistake. Paradoxically, Grandma Moses's fame has occurred at a time when the deeper manifestations of popular art are frequently condemned as decadent, and we are asked to accept as proper

—© by Grandma Moses Properties, Inc.

"Christmas at Home," by Grandma Moses.

*GRANDMA MOSES, narrated and written by Archibald MacLeish. Directed by Jerome Hill. Photography by Erica Anderson. Music by Hugh Martin. Orchestration by Alec Wilder. Produced by Falcon Films, Inc. Distributed by A. F. Films, Inc.

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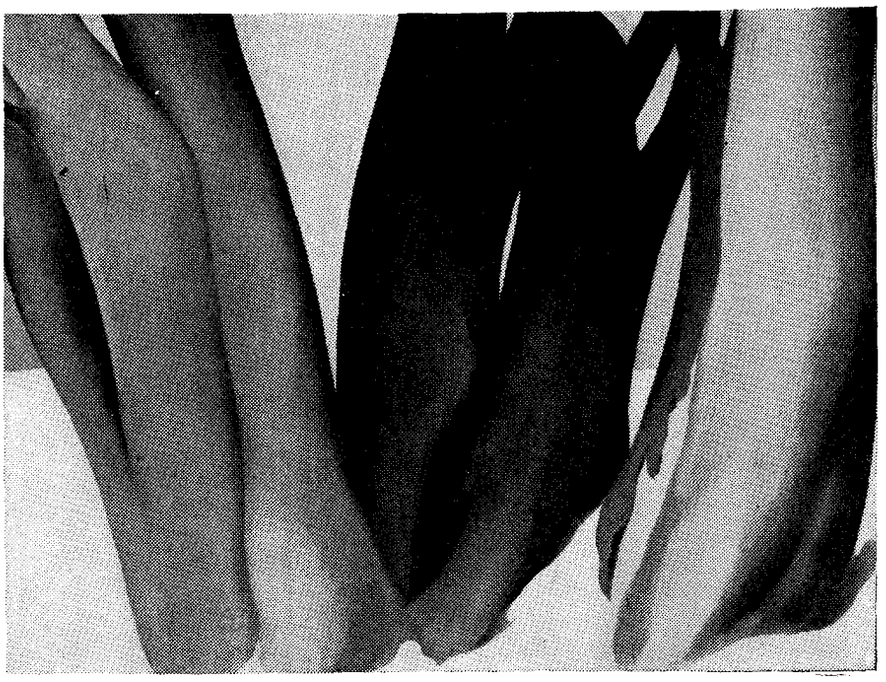
material for painting joy but not sorrow, reflection but not discovery, confidences but not final confession, calm but not violence. I am not, of course, trying to claim that major art is automatically tragic: Renoir is a far more important painter than Gustave Moreau, Bonnard fully as fine as Rouault. In the case of the popular artists, however, the adulation of Grandma Moses has brought a corollary rage against anything which questions the Rousseauvian goodness of natural man. But surely the untrained painter is subject to violent torments and ecstasies as well as his graduate colleagues, though they may take a less devious shape. Is a response to the tensions of one's era more suspect than an innocence or denial of them? All artists, primitive and skilled, would like the world to be as untroubled as Grandma Moses depicts it. The melancholy fact by which most painters are affected is that few of us can live to handsome old age in a rural valley where among the most pressing concerns are animals and weather.

THAT brings me to another point of disagreement with the overenthusiastic tone of Grandma Moses's film. The film's narrator, Mr. Archibald MacLeish, in the course of several grandiloquent references to America, womanhood, old age, and the land (beautifully read, to be fair, and on his part warmly convinced), infers that Grandma Moses is a fine artist because she has lived so long in her upstate valley and knows it thoroughly. And perhaps she *is* one of those painters, like the men of our Hudson River School and Winslow Homer and John Marin, who have profited from an intimate and continuous knowledge of a given location. Nevertheless, we must be on guard against the theory that artists are necessarily improved by staying put. It was the Frenchman Nicolas Poussin who taught the seventeenth-century Romans how to look at Italy; there was a Dutchman, Van Gogh, who created magnificent landscapes at Arles in France.

The blunt truth is that nationality, sex, age, ruralism, and long identification with region do not in themselves, either separately or in combination, assure the artist a lasting place. They have won Grandma Moses a current fame, which everyone must hope she enjoys to the full. But sooner or later she will be judged by a basic standard of enduring art: that its business is to extend and deepen our awareness, not merely to confirm or illustrate what we already know by heart.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.



"Bare Tree Trunks with Snow," by Georgia O'Keeffe.

"That's Georgia"

ANITA POLLITZER

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE in the twentieth century personifies the poem of the Chinese sage Sou Tsen-tsan:

I forgot wealth and glory
I love calligraphy
I think of neither life nor death
I honor painting.

Partly because of this, although widely acknowledged to be one of the world's foremost living painters, she herself has remained legend to most people. A solitary person, with terrific powers of concentration, she is so in love with the thing she does that she subordinates all else in order to win time and freedom to paint.

This painter, whose style has influenced her generation, possesses none of the characteristics usually attributed to extraordinary artists. She has worked out a simple, well-considered pattern of life, so unvaried that the average person would refuse to live it, and she refuses to allow anything to pull her away from it. People figure very slightly in her world.

I have known Georgia O'Keeffe over thirty years, so I feel that what I know is "the real Georgia," as Alfred Stieglitz, exponent of art in America, used to say so feelingly. I became acquainted with her when we were both studying painting from the same teacher at Columbia University, and she lived in a little four-dollar-a-week hall bedroom. I used to notice that a pot of red geraniums on the fire escape was the only supplement to her bare walls. She, another pupil, and I were separated by our painting instructor from the other students, and while they drew casts and studies we three, behind a screen, painted our own still-life and flower studies. Even in those days Georgia was different. Her colors were always the brightest, her palette the cleanest, her brushes the best—though to accomplish this she would do without much else. There was something insatiable about her—as direct as an arrow and hugely independent.

Unlike those of us who were undergraduates, fresh from high school and majoring in art, Georgia O'Keeffe, before coming to Columbia in 1914, had already achieved success. She had won the signal honor of a first prize under William Chase, master academician, and after studying with John Vanderpoel, a strict and eminent draftsman, had been supporting herself entirely by working at commercial art advertising in Chicago. Finally, annoyed by having to paint in established ways, she returned to Virginia, where her family had

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moved, gave up her art career, and determined *never to paint again.*

During this period when she had "discarded art forever" her sister made plans to go to the University of Virginia Summer School and she decided to go, too. Alon Bement, professor of art at Columbia University, headed the summer session of the University of Virginia Art Department. She went in one day to observe his class. Here was something different. She enrolled, and at the end of two weeks Mr. Bement asked her to teach there the following summer. But in order to do this it was necessary that she have practical experience in art teaching, and this she did not have. At this point a telegram arrived from Amarillo, Texas, asking if she would like to come to supervise art at public schools there. Here was the needed opportunity. Suddenly, as in the orderly patch-work quilts of her grandmother, everything began to hitch together!

When Georgia O'Keeffe was a little girl her mother read history and travel stories to the children every night. Georgia says she has always remembered the Wild West stories most vividly. This offer now from Texas meant she could go and see it all for herself. She wired that she would come to supervise art in Amarillo.

At that time Amarillo was the biggest cattle shipping point in the Southwest. There were no paved or gravel roads, no fences, few cars. It was the West that she had dreamed of. The first week she was there there was a sensational murder on the next block. This fitted in completely with the Wild West idea of her childhood. Amarillo was so dry there were no flowers for her classes to paint, only ragweed and a few maples and locusts to draw. "But I belonged," says O'Keeffe. "That was my country—terrible winds and a wonderful emptiness."

—*Oliver Baker.*

"Poppies," by Georgia O'Keeffe.

Although she received an offer of several hundred dollars more the next year—a lot of money to her then—if she would teach in another state, she refused to leave Texas.

Later she headed the Art Department at the West Texas Normal School at Canyon for several years. In a letter I received from her at that time she wrote: "I got up at dawn to meet the morning train because it was so exciting to see it come through the sunrise." Again, while in the Panhandle, she wrote me: "It was all so far away—there was quiet and an untouched feel of the country—and I could work as I pleased."

For four years on the plains of North Texas she was teaching art vitally; her days outdoors were full of excitement and exploration. She had time to paint and in her own way.

IT WAS in 1915, while I was still in New York studying painting and finishing undergraduate work for a degree, that I received from Georgia a roll of her remarkable drawings.

We had been in the habit of writing each other everything that we were discovering in art and literature. One day these drawings came—"Lines and Spaces in Charcoal"—in which she had put on paper what she was seeing and feeling. In our letters we had been sharing everything in the art world that was important to us, and it was in this spirit that she sent me the now-famous drawings, with the express injunction that I was to show them to no one.

But as a student in New York I, too, had been making discoveries, and my greatest discovery was what Alfred Stieglitz was giving to America—its first realization of art as a living thing. Again and again I had gone to see the early Marins, the Picassos, the Hartleys, the Braques that hung on the walls of the gallery which he made possible at 291 Fifth Avenue. Again and again I had gone to New York's large galleries to see the classicists, the romanticists, and the impressionists, but here in this little gallery people and paintings seemed to come together in an indescribable way. Something very special existed. Everyone who entered knew that Stieglitz was responsible for the spirit of the place and for the fact that the pictures were being seen. He was always there, like the walls on which the pictures were hung.

When I opened Georgia's charcoal drawings, addressed to me care of the college post office—a tight, unregistered roll of drawings—I was struck by their aliveness. They were different. I spread them all out on the college studio floor, and after looking at them for about an hour, with the door locked so that "no one" would see them, as Georgia had expressly said, I took the whole roll under my arm to show them to the one person I knew should see them—Alfred Stieglitz.

It was a rainy afternoon, the elevator at "291" was out of order, and I remember as yesterday my walk with the roll of drawings up the steep flight of stairs to the gallery. Stieglitz was in the 8 x 10 feet room, looking weary and discouraged. I spread the drawings on the floor in front of him. He looked at them penetratingly.

"Finally a woman on paper," he said.

Here were charcoals—on the same kind of paper that all art students were using, and through no trick, no superiority of tools, these drawings were saying something that had not yet been said.

The drawings belonged. Georgia as a person did not exist for him. That afternoon Stieglitz, who had been the one to bring the first Rodins, Cézannes, Matisses, and Picassos to America, decided to have an exhibition of the O'Keeffes.

O'Keeffe remained in the West throughout this first showing, so completely satisfied with Texas that she cared little about Stieglitz's decision that her work, in his words, "should be given a chance." When the exhibit was over and the pictures had been taken down, Georgia wrote me: "Stieglitz has sent me nine wonderful photographs of my exhibition that he has taken himself . . . I am simply crazy about his photographs of them."

The following year, in 1917, she came to New York and there was a second O'Keeffe exhibit at "291." Stieglitz had begun to do for O'Keeffe what he was doing for the other Americans in whose art he believed. He knew that security for them meant the chance to paint as they wished. For years he had fought to obtain that freedom for them. With freedom to work in her own way, O'Keeffe came into her own.

A few years later O'Keeffe and Stieglitz were married. Stieglitz's incredible photographs of clouds and of O'Keeffe, and her luminous flower paintings touched new heights. He photographed passionately. She painted freely. This period enriched the art history of America.

The prolific yearly "one-man" exhibitions of O'Keeffe's work continued to astound the world from 1923 to 1946. She painted places, objects, and textures she loved. When she completed a picture Stieglitz would say with pride, "That's Georgia."

O'Keeffe's art evades any usual

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classification. Recently I showed a horticulturist friend photographs of some of O'Keeffe's early flower paintings and not until later did I realize that he thought he was looking at photographs of actual flowers. I have heard her "Corn Pictures," in deep living greens, called abstract patterns, although they are so minutely studied that she has considered the dew drop which runs down the leaf into the center of the cornstalk to water it each morning.

O'Keeffe is repeatedly called one of the greatest of moderns. Yet in the Brooklyn Museum, while standing before O'Keeffe's "Black Pansy," a woman turned to me with, "Now that is a picture I like. It is not modern."

Just as with her work, O'Keeffe the person evades classification. A description of her is not easy, but Stieglitz's superb photographs tell the story. O'Keeffe is unbelievably strong. She not only paints prodigiously but drives herself to the faraway places she paints, camps overnight to catch the sunrise and sunset, and to see the waterfall after a torrent. She even prepares her own canvases because she cannot get the quality of canvas she wants. She cooks, sews, drives, plants her garden, and is expert in all of them. There is nothing fragile about O'Keeffe.

O'Keeffe is not social. Her decisions as to her use of time are very definite. Last year she said to me: "I know I am unreasonable about people but there are so many wonderful people whom *I can't take the time* to know." She says that even in her student days she saw that dancing at night meant daytime lost from painting—so she refused to dance although she loved it. She decides carefully on each point, what to have and what to give up. There is nothing weak about her willpower. I have never known her to have any regrets or envy.

In the Wisconsin country the O'Keeffe children were only allowed to have those playmates who came to their house. Georgia didn't know or care what other children had in their homes, but she remembers being satisfied with what she had in hers.

Her home in the small town of Abiquiu, New Mexico, is of adobe, and commands a superb view. On every side there are wide windows. Inside it is empty and spacious. When I visited her in Abiquiu she drove me to "The Black Place," "The White Place," and other places she has painted. Of this New Mexico country O'Keeffe says: "The desert, the ocean, high mountains—these are my world."

Her apartment in New York was always just as simple. Most people on entering asked when her furniture would be moved in. There were no pictures on her walls. A restful, silvery Arthur Dove collage called "Rain" was usually on the mantle. She once said to me: "I like an empty wall because I can imagine what I like on it." On a corner table was a clear glass bowl. Some years ago a few well-known artists were asked by Steuben to make designs for some of their glass pieces. O'Keeffe made a flower pattern for the center of a large shape, and, characteristically enough, the bowl she chose to keep is the original clear glass model, without her flower design.

O'KEEFFE today is fundamentally the same as in those first drawings. This point was stated clearly by the director of the Art Institute of Chicago, Daniel Catton Rich, in the catalogue of the O'Keeffe retrospective exhibition held there in 1943, when he wrote: "Seen in the whole her art betrays a perfect consistency. It has undergone no marked changes of style but has moved outward from its center."

The fact that her work has for years been in America's representative museums and collections has not changed her. Fame still does not seem to be as meaningful or real to her as the mesas of New Mexico or the petals of a white rose.

After Alfred Stieglitz passed away in 1946 Georgia O'Keeffe took on the work of sorting and classifying the paintings in his unique collection and the many photographs he had made. The material was then divided with meticulous care and distributed to important centers over the country, in order that Stieglitz's idea—to have this collection given to the people—would be achieved. No one but she could do this task. For more than three years she worked methodically, single-mindedly, from early to late and seven days a week—with only brief times for painting.

This stupendous work completed in 1949, she returned to painting and to New Mexico, now her permanent home. It has been for her a profound period, as the current exhibition of her new work at An American Place shows.

A foremost American critic, Lewis Mumford, once wrote of an O'Keeffe painting: "Not only is it a piece of consummate craftsmanship, but it likewise possesses that mysterious force, that hold upon the hidden soul which distinguishes important communications from the casual reports of the eye."

Today, when none of us can take time for half-truths and when we long to be fortified in our faith by things of the spirit, an O'Keeffe exhibition is welcomed and needed.

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ART Books

ART OF THE NORTHWEST COAST INDIANS

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Heritage Homes

THE DWELLINGS OF COLONIAL AMERICA. By Thomas T. Waterman. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 312 pp. $10.

By Richard Pratt

ALL THE alluring architecture of colonial times in this country was created under conditions and influences only less fascinating to consider than the many beautiful buildings themselves. There were, for instance, the various traditional house-building habits brought here by settlers mostly from England, of course, but also from Sweden, Holland, the Rhineland, and elsewhere. These ran smack, like the native customs carried here by the colonists, into a set of circumstances, such as wilderness and weather, which almost immediately invested these design ideas from abroad with characteristics as new-world in quality as those soon acquired by the people who occupied the houses. And all the while vast quantities of architectural ideas kept flooding here in the form of books from London filled with drawings for façades, doorways, mantels, cornices, entablatures, following the current architectural fashions back home and providing the artisans here with ornamental details and major features in the latest styles with which to scheme and decorate the houses, adapting the designs as best they could to the methods and materials at hand. Thus the taste of England at the time pretty much took over, leaving most of the houses built in other native traditions by the end of the Revolution with little more than an accent of their own.

The pattern of all these different modes and manners of building and design is somewhat complicated, as you can see, and that is where Mr. Waterman comes in. For in his handsome study of our colonial dwellings as a whole he expertly penetrates the enchantments, the lore and the legend, to make it clear not only how all this captivating architecture came to be, but to classify it with practical-

ly botanical precision. With a splendid collection of pictures and plans to illustrate his scholarly treatise, he traces the various types back to their native neighborhoods abroad and describes their evolution in the four major regions of the colonies.

The range that Mr. Waterman covers in his book is complete within the confines of the English colonies along the Atlantic seaboard, and from the time of the earliest settlements to the final ratification of peace with England in 1783. Starting with the Southern colonies, with all their English elegancies, he proceeds to the Delaware Valley and Pennsylvania, where the Swedes, the Germans, and the Quakers built with such durable beauty. Then to Eastern New Jersey and the Hudson Valley, where the dwellings of the Dutch gradually came under the domination of English taste, with so many delightful results still to be seen. And finally to New England, whose building traditions developed into the most American of all by far.

It is a tour of reading and looking made beautiful by the houses that Mr. Waterman has chosen with great discernment, and made enlightening to a degree by the author's rich store of knowledge and skilful escorting. There could be no better literary guide to a real understanding of all this appealing architecture, and Mr. Waterman has had the wisdom to leave the houses where they are happiest—in the past.

I found it an extremely informative piece of work: one in whose detail and documentation the student will surely delight, and one whose factual treatment of a most attractive and entertaining subject can hardly fail to heighten the pleasure an enormous number of people take today in the contemplation of our heritage homes.

Richard Pratt, associate editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, *is author of "A Treasury of Early American Homes."*

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 866)

FREDERICK GUTHEIM:
THE POTOMAC
(From Rivers of America Series)

Overlooking Harpers Ferry from the . . . rock that still bears his name, Thomas Jefferson gazed . . . through the gap in the Blue Ridge. The description of this scene, prepared for his "Notes on the State of Virginia," has passed into literature.

Arts of Our People

THE INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN. By Edwin O. Christensen. New York: The Macmillan Co.; Washington: National Gallery of Art. 229 pp. 378 illustrations, many in color. $15.

By James Thomas Flexner

THIS is a picture book of great charm which should appeal strongly to those who are willing to spend $15 for something unusually nice. It would be hard to imagine a more attractive Christmas gift. Not only do the illustrations make the volume exciting to look at, but the text is amusing and informative. Above all, we have the record of two extremely interesting phenomena: the simpler arts of our people throughout two and a half centuries, and a Federal relief project that produced results of a permanent value.

During the Depression, the need of the WPA to find a noncommercial activity for commercial artists mated with the rising interest in America's popular arts to father the Index of American Design. Objects of adornment and use made by craftsmen and amateurs from earliest colonial times to the end of the nineteenth century were recorded, usually in water color. "What was insisted upon," Holger Cahill writes in his excellent historical introduction, "was strict objectivity, accurate drawing, clarity of construction, exact proportions, and a faithful rendering of material, color, and texture so that each Index drawing might stand as a surrogate for the object." Between December 1935 and 1941 an average of 300 artists was engaged in reproducing "the practical, popular, and folk arts of the people of European origin who created the material culture of this country as we know it today." The range of subjects was wide: tools and toys; ships' figureheads and cigar-store Indians; votive images and signs; silver, glass, tin, and iron work; furniture, textiles, scrimshaw, sewing machines, etc., etc. The 378 drawings reproduced in this book—many of them in color plates that are usually excellent—comprise only a sampler of the several thousand created by the project, yet in themselves they present a fascinating record of American activity.

An examination of the illustrations does not reveal a consistent folk pattern but rather gives an impression of multiplicity. There seems little in common between the spindly and austere Shaker rocking chair, the seventeenth-century chest ornate in the

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—*From "The Index of American Design."*

Carved Rhode Island felon.

medieval tradition of surface design, and the Queen Anne highboy so differently ornate in its refined lines and restrained members. How are we to reconcile an aggressively classical figure of a circus wagon with a childishly stylized chalkware deer from Pennsylvania? In the section of weather vanes we find a whirligig in vaguely human shape, so unnaturalistic it could be called abstract, next to a model steam engine that looks as if it would run and a pudgy angel descended in somewhat mongrelized manner from the putti of the Renaissance. This diversity testifies to the sound historical spirit of the people responsible for the volume. It would have been more in line with most books on what is called American folk art to select objects that would seem to prove some such theoretical point as that American craftsmen, as a group, loved functionalism or were instinctively allied to the spirit of modern art. The "Index" gives a truer sampling from which profounder conclusions can be drawn.

What we see is not a folk art in the correct sense of the word—that is, a long-enduring and largely static expression of a traditional and consistent folk point of view—but rather a reflection of the melting pot that was American society. Not only do we have represented crafts brought to these shores by many national groups —English, Dutch, German, Swedish, Spanish, etc.—but we see the cohesive output of peasant societies being quickly shattered into diffuse forms more suited to a people who have escaped from rigid social stratification and are attempting to tame to their own use the best of everything. How natural for a postmaster who has read the classics to have carved over his office not a contemporary post-rider but Mercury, immodest and winged.

The drawings made for the "Index" are in themselves examples of superior craftsmanship; they demonstrate that even when exact factual rendition is desired the hand has not been outdated by the camera. Somehow it is comforting in the era of the atomic bomb to discover that human ingenuity outstrips chemical reaction in the duplication of color and also in the rendition of three-dimensional objects in two-dimensional space. That this superiority carries over to printers' reproduction is revealed by a comparison of illustrations in this book with illustrations of the same objects in other volumes where only the camera has served as an intermediary between the actual object and the plate.

Mr. Christensen's text makes no effort to take the spotlight away from the pictures. Indulging only rarely in generalizations, he has contented himself with giving us on the same page with each illustration information about it that increases our appreciation and pleasure. Quiet in tone, accurate in history, and simple in expression, his contributions help the reader make up his own mind about the artistic and cultural significance of the objects so handsomely presented on his pages. The reader will have a very good time doing so.

James Thomas Flexner is author of "America's Old Masters," "John Singleton Copley," and "A Short History of American Painting."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Johnson: "To Celia." 2. Marlowe: "Faustus." 3. Joel Barlow: "Hasty-Pudding." 4. Sir Edwin Arnold: "After Death in Arabia." 5. Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night." 6. Brooke: "The Great Lover." 7. Robert Dodsley: "The Parting Kiss." 8. Wilde: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." 9. Teasdale: "The Look." 10. William Pitt Palmer: "The Smack in School." 11. Shakespeare: "Hamlet." 12. Swift: "Polite Conversation." 13. Tennyson: "The Princess." 14. Herrick: "Corinna's Going A-Maying." 15. Shakespeare: "The Merchant of Venice."

Art Book Notes

FLEMISH MASTER DRAWINGS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, by A. J. J. Delen. Harper. $3. Just as he dominates the art of his century, so Rubens dominates this handsome little volume. More than one-third of the fifty-seven drawings reproduced are from his hand, while the remaining plates are devoted to the work of Van Dyck, Jordaens, Brouwer, Snyders, Fyt, and Teniers the Younger. They are drawn from galleries and collections throughout Europe, an indication of a thoroughness in preparation not common enough in art books. A. J. J. Delen, formerly chief curator of the Musee Royal des Beaux-Arts in Antwerp, has provided a short introduction and critical notes for each drawing.

The volume conforms to the format and high standards of design and printing set by the four previously published titles of Harpers Masters of Drawing series.

FRENCH PAINTING, by R. H. Wilenski. Charles T. Branford Co., Boston. $8.50. Not to be confused with Wilenski's later "Modern French Painters," this volume, a revised edition of a 1931 work, treats French painting from the pre-Agincourt period to Picasso. The emendations occur for the most part at either end, incorporating important information about French primitives which has come to the author's attention and bringing up to date the discussion of the modern French masters. Where better examples have come to light they have been substituted among the more than 200 illustrations.

As one of England's outstanding writers on the subject Mr. Wilenski speaks with authority when he places the birth of "Paris, as a city with a distinctive spirit" at the advent of Watteau and the eighteenth century. Thus the history of the past 250 years begins at page 94 of the 300-page text, with the past century receiving about a third of the book,—surely an equitable division of space. Mr. Wilenski's book is another demonstration that great knowledge plus excellent organization equal easy reading.

OLD FRENCH IRONWORK, by Edgar B. Frank. Harvard. $6. Nearly forty years ago Mr. Frank went to France to sell American hardware. He was fascinated by the old ironwork which abounded in his sales territory and started buying examples of medieval hardware. Through the hobby he became in time owner of one of the most important collections of small ironwork in the world. This

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volume contains pictures of well over 400 tools, locks, keys, knives, knockers, nutcrackers, corkscrews, hinges, candlesticks, and many other items now in his possession. The result is a book that is both scholarly and utilitarian, for it should interest makers of hardware as well as students of the crafts.

Readers who have wondered how early artisans were able to produce such magnificent objects without the aid of modern tools will find the answer in Mr. Frank's introduction. The present drop forging press, he says, is merely a hammer and anvil with a motor attached; a lathe is still a lathe.

He offers photographs of tools 500 years old that are not a whit different from those now on the market—except that they are beautiful. Hammers, hacksaws, and vises, for example, are adorned as superbly as presentation swords, for they were made expressly for the man who used them. Imagine, Mr. Fox suggests, a Hollywood actress owning a popup toaster designed and manufactured especially for her instead of one grabbed off an assembly line.

This is in no sense a definitive work, but it lavishly proffers the knowledge of a man who has devoted the spare time of a lifetime to the study of French ironwork and to the people and the conditions which produced it.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BRIDGES, by Elizabeth B. Mock. Museum of Modern Art, New York. $5. Mrs. Mock, a member of the faculty of the School of Architecture of the University of Oklahoma and formerly Curator of Architecture at the Museum of Modern Art, here passes esthetic judgment on about 150 spans, from the earliest known crossings to the Bailey Bridge. In the clear, informative style of an experienced writer on architecture for laymen, she furnishes in each case just enough technical discussion to render her critique reasonable.

There is an abundance of photographs, at least one for each bridge; all have been eminently well chosen for the interest they hold. The result is not only an album of absorbing interest to pore over; it is also instructive. Without much effort the reader gains a knowledge of bridge construction that will sharpen his awareness and appreciation of such structures for the rest of his days.

PLEASURE FROM PICTURES, by Pamela Strain. Studio Publications, New York. $5. The subtitle of this 128-page volume declares that it is "A Book for Young and Old." Unless this

is a British euphemism to suggest that it is intended for laymen, the publishers have misbranded it. As a book for laymen it is exceedingly well done, without a trace of writing down to anyone. Separate chapters trace the principal European national schools from their beginnings to the Baroque period. There are three concluding chapters entitled "The Impressionists," "French Painting of Today," and, since this is an English publication, "English Painting of Today." In the easy, concise style of the experienced writer, Miss Strain lucidly describes the historic and esthetic features of Western painting. Naturally, she makes no effort to plumb the profounder depths of esthetics, but her sure touch makes it evident that she is capable even of that.

The thirty-two color and more than fifty black-and-white plates were chosen with good taste and have been printed with care. Who the author is, other than her name, the publishers do not say.

—L. R. SANDER.

MISSISSIPPI PANORAMA, edited and with an introduction by Perry T. Rathbone. Caledonia Press, St. Louis. $5. Few rivers have commanded a more strategic position in the economic, social, military, and artistic history of a nation than the Mississippi. It determined that men should be bold and free-spirited enough to pilot the robust destiny of America. "Mississippi Panorama" unfolds one of the most vital, and probably the most romantic, chapters of the American past. The river-boat paintings of George Caleb Bingham became the nucleus for this prolific project. The big river proved to be the source of a tremendous and varied artistic production; only a museum staff (such as that of the City Museum of St. Louis, responsible for this book), with a great deal of scholarly assistance, could have accomplished the full-scale exhibition on which this book is based.

"Panorama" conveys the romance and revives the meaning of Mississippi Valley life in the Old West. It delights the reader to sense the virility, and to project himself, imaginatively, into the crowd of jolly flatboatmen.

The illustrations are presented with well-selected commentary by Mark Twain, T. S. Eliot, Charles Dickens, and others. The entire text is evidence of imagination, tender feeling, and labor. The reproductions generally excel the standards of this craft, especially the color print of Audubon's "Natchez in 1822." This book is a significant contribution to the literature pertaining to American social and cultural history.

WOMEN OF JAPAN. Introduction by Alfred Werner. A. De Milly, New York. Two portfolios, $6 *each.* For those of us anxious to travel into the "new" world of Oriental art, the release of these portfolios should be gratifying. Each volume contains nine original color woodcuts hand-printed in Japan. The prints are a representative collection from popular masters of the Ukiyo-ye or "Floating World" school—the finest in Japanese graphic arts. These color woodcuts were created for a popular audience, and the subject matter extracted from everyday life. A most popular theme featured the delicate movements of the geisha, thereby making the selection of Japanese women as a subject for those portfolios convenient and apt. The Bijin-ye or Girl Model Pictures expressed a trend towards realism, yet the pictorial depiction of the transient world retains the symbolism and "poetic distance" that we associate with Asiatic art.

Unfortunately, the postwar Occupation of Japan has resulted in the inauguration of "factory methods" in the printing process. The editor of this book fails to establish when these prints were made, but I suspect that they are the result of recent trade with Occupied Japan. The printing paper serves, but it is below par, and the mounting paper is not to the advantage of the prints. The black outline of the form is too often broken, and the color is less subtle than in prewar woodcuts.

Mr. Werner's text is brief and easy reading, if oversimplified. Certainly its repetition in the second volume is a mistake. With so much scholarly information available, this space could have been used to better advantage. However, with the Japanese woodcutting industry on the down grade, these portfolios may well be among the last of acceptable quality.

—A. W. MORGAN.

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departmental structure of Sacred Congregations, Tribunals, Offices, and Commissions whose decrees and provisions are channeled to the hierarchy of countries throughout the world. The Cardinals act as Papal senators.

In "The Holy See at Work" Father Heston gives a brief popular explanation of the operation of the Curia and describes the Pope's remarkable schedule of activities. Canonizations, matrimonial problems, the election of the Pope, the College of Cardinals—these are among the subjects interestingly outlined. The author can do little more than indicate the picturesqueness of their scope and the closeness of contact between the Pontiff and the world at large. This is an extremely useful volume, with photographs and a good index. —A. F. W.

THE VATICAN AND ITS ROLE IN WORLD AFFAIRS, by Charles Pichon. Translated from the French by Jean Misrahi. Dutton. $4.50. This is an exceedingly difficult book to criticize justly without writing another book of equal length. It was awarded the Prix Montyon by the French Academy and is a selection of the Catholic Book Club, but the author wrote it as an appeal to all Christians. He summarizes with grace and sincerity but with large omissions the great role the Catholic Church has played in world history, minimizing the causes which, at successive epochs, have driven great bodies of Christian believers to separate from Rome. He dares to hope that, despite the long historical record of schism and disintegration, the threats that confront all Christian sects today, especially the growth of scientism and secularism, may hasten a reintegration of the Christian faith. He is impressed by the "family resemblance" between Catholics and Protestants, and he considers it timely, honest, and useful to examine the signs favoring a *rapprochement* and the obstacles that still delay it. He feels that a frank attempt to clarify doctrinal differences "is not merely intellectually right, it is religiously fecund" because one of the major obstacles to reconciliation is "mutual lack of knowledge between Catholics and Protestants." Like Bossuet he is convinced that truth is universal; it cannot be one thing in Geneva and another in Rome. But again like Bossuet he is persuaded that if all Christians one day find themselves united in a single, true faith it will be Catholicism. —G. B.

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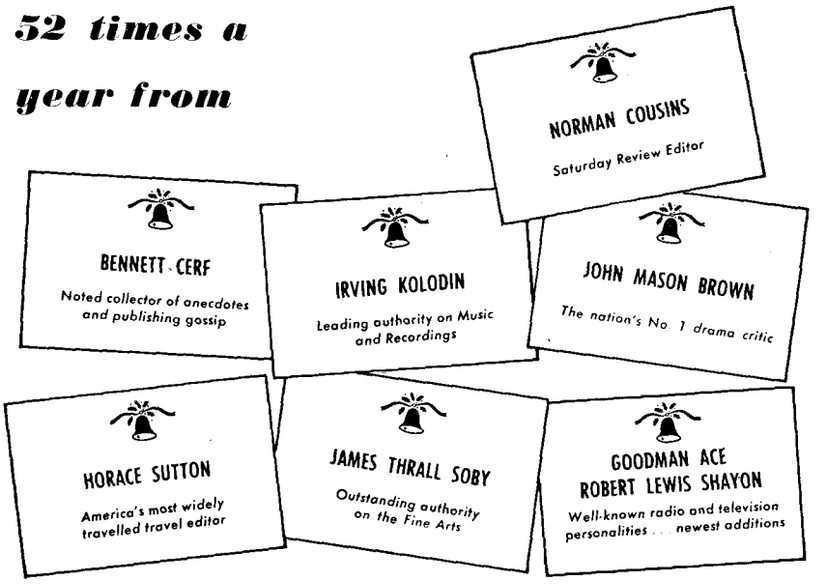
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VICTOR HUGO: BARD ON OLYMPUS

(Continued from page 19)

refer to the Hunchback of Notre Dame. The movies may or may not have bastardized the vision—I don't know or don't remember—but their repeated acceptance of it is a sign of its life. The intelligent critic is therefore on the wrong track if he spends time proving the perfectly obvious point that in this book of Hugo's twenty-ninth year we have a trivial story, no characters, and no novel texture in the usual sense. This patent truth only makes us wonder all the more how a work which is "unreadable" in any category stays with the imagination and works its will on the simplest as well as the subtlest minds.

THE genius lay in making a cathedral the hero of a book and giving the stones a misshapen subhuman creature for mate and animator. As foil we have the gypsy and the goat, both suspected of witchcraft, and as chorus the beggar's court and the mob. The theme of the book is hardly a proposition, but again a vision—the displacement of the cathedral by the printed book, and the consequent destruction of a whole era and its thoughts by another based on a different form of rationality.

Hugo always fastens on large, gross symbols such as these and neglects everything but their vivification. In the "Tillers of the Sea" (not "Toilers") it is the ocean and the machine, the man and the squid. In "Les Misérables" it is the silver candlesticks, Gavroche, the fake painting of the Battle of Waterloo, and the walk through the sewers of Paris, which (as Matthew Josephson has justly pointed out) plays an artistically Freudian role. In the "Laughing Man" we are given the contrast between the disfigured face and the blind beauty on the one hand, and, on the other, that same man turned into a tragic mask for a brief moment before the gaping House of Lords. Finally, in "Ninety-Three" the guillotine stalks through the Vendée while we gaze like children at the lace coat of the old nobleman and rebel.

Hugo does not handle all these mythic visions with even skill. His prose, which can become objectively palpable, as Conrad knew, and which is often witty and satiric, as Meredith observed, can turn declamatory, blatantly bardic, when he remembers his role or his Napoleonic father. He should have felt free to create his own forms in the novel and stage play as he did in his successful poems, and thus spared us much that we must skip or cut.

But in skipping or cutting we must not overlook the technical prowess of such passages of realism as Quasimodo's lashing on the pillory or the street fighting in "Les Misérables."

I have said nothing of the rest—the other half of the eighty volumes of plays, criticism, autobiography, and political writings; and, beyond these, the letters and remarkable pen-and-ink drawings. Hugo is still to be absorbed and placed by posterity, and this can only be done by a combination of sympathetic digging and ruthless sorting out. Then we shall forget the Bard and discover the Poet, and find it all the easier to admire the liberal patriot. At the heart of both there will be found as well a man of learning, a wit, and, most surprising of all, an Olympian character who united the Bardic role with the most exquisite courtesy towards high and low.

Jacques Barzun, professor of history at Columbia University, is author of the recently published "Berlioz and the Romantic Century." This is the seventh of a series of literary revaluations that SRL *is presenting in conjunction with the National Broadcasting Company and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*

In Print

A GENEROUS package of Hugo's prose output is available in a sixteen-volume set published by L. C. Page ($40 complete, or $2.50 per volume). Here will be found works such as "Ninety-Three," "Tillers of the Sea," and "Things Seen," which are available nowhere else. "Les Misérables" is available in several editions, including Modern Library ($2.45) and Everyman's Library (two vols., 95¢ each). "Notre Dame de Paris" ("The Hunchback of Notre Dame") is also published by both Modern Library ($1.25) and Everyman's Library (95¢, introduction by Swinburne). As suggested by Mr. Barzun, an excellent sampling of Hugo's poetry is to be found in Gide's "Anthologie de la Poésie Française" (Pantheon, $5).

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YOUNG RADIO ENGINEER will correspond with refined, sincere, young woman. Box 17-E.

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GENIAL FEMALE, educated, liberal, interests serious and light; will similar male, mature, write Box 34-E.

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EUROPE — Extensive conducted tour for selected group of young men forming now for next summer. References required. Communicate at once with Box 41-E.

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REFINED LADY, many interests, desires correspondence with cultured gentleman. Box 46-E.

PROFESSIONAL WRITER invites correspondence from refined, intelligent lady. Box 48-E.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "Tower" of Christ Church, Oxford University.	94 160 147
B. Former official reports of British Parliament (named for the compilers).	39 99 170 28 162 131 19 92
C. The sense of smell (physiol.).	173 79 74 8 192 122 152 88 50
D. Exhibiting or capable of spontaneous movement (biol.).	7 155 58 82 44 187
E. The hero of Homer's "Iliad."	41 83 54 148 23 29 105 110
F. A cloth of fine goat's wool (India).	157 172 132 34 89
G. Versatile young American composer, conductor, etc. (symphony, "Jeremiah," music for "Peter Pan," etc.).	171 60 124 37 16 1 27 70 153
H. English physician and novelist (1896- ; "The Citadel," etc.).	31 76 166 107 139 161
I. A fighting Irishman in "The Rivals."	174 69 177 141 150 43 130 90
J. Shoes with hempen soles for rock climbing (It.).	17 114 126 186 11 3 38 144 36
K. Long, silvery fish common off Florida, West Indies.	111 106 190 77 12 143
L. Indigenous race of Japan formerly occupying all of the archipelago.	184 112 42 180
M. Deep-seated.	66 109 185 6 136 24 127 123 101
N. Lake in NW Scotland, forming part of Caledonian Canal.	165 91 13 10

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Punch's dog in old "Punch and Judy" show.	81 55 138 125
P. To hock; cripple; disable.	98 158 137 14 189 167 108 9 35
Q. Extraneous; foreign.	15 48 78 25 52 181
R. First English printer (1422-91).	72 30 63 57 178 149
S. Early name of territory, about 248,000 square miles, awarded to U.S. by Treaty of Paris, 1783 (2 wds.).	142 134 183 65 117 102 73 2 51 40 93 115
T. Clamped.	4 80 86 176 135 175
U. Most easterly point of U.S. (2 wds.).	20 56 75 100 164 97 59 146 169 179
V. Ineffectual; serving no desired purpose.	21 68 193 151 128 46 121
W. Surname of characters in Cooper's "Homeward Bound," "Leatherstocking Tales," etc.	96 156 116 26 163 154 145 188 168
X. Wife of Alexander the Great, married in 327 B.C.	118 49 159 84 113 62
Y. Inhabitant of the "Sooner State."	5 32 85 191 95 45 119 22 67
Z. Making over; repairing.	87 182 71 64 129 47 53 33 104 18
Z¹. Grave; not volatile.	61 140 120 103 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 G	2 S	3 J	■	4 T	5 Y	6 M	7 D	8 C	9 P	10 N	■	11 J
12 K	13 N	14 P	15 Q	16 G	17 J	18 Z	19 B	■	20 U	21 V	22 Y	23 E	24 M	25 Q	26 W	27 G
28 B	■	29 E	30 R	31 H	32 Y	33 Z	34 F	35 P	■	36 J	37 G	■	38 J	39 B	40 S	■
41 E	42 L	43 I	44 D	45 Y	—	46 V	47 Z	48 Q	49 X	50 C	■	51 S	52 Q	53 Z	54 E	55 O
56 U	57 R	■	58 D	59 U	60 G	■	61 Z¹	62 X	63 R	64 Z	65 S	■	66 M	67 Y	68 V	69 I
70 G	71 Z	72 R	73 S	■	74 C	75 U	76 H	■	77 K	78 Q	79 C	80 T	81 O	82 D	83 E	84 X
85 Y	■	86 T	87 Z	88 C	89 F	90 I	91 N	92 B	93 S	■	94 A	95 Y	96 W	97 U	■	98 P
99 B	100 U	■	101 M	102 S	103 Z¹	104 Z	105 E	■	106 K	107 H	■	108 P	109 M	110 E	111 K	112 L
113 X	114 J	115 S	■	116 W	117 S	118 X	■	119 Y	120 Z¹	121 V	122 C	123 M	124 G	125 O	■	126 J
■	127 M	128 V	129 Z	130 I	131 B	—	132 F	133 Z¹	134 S	135 T	■	136 M	137 P	138 O	139 H	140 Z¹
141 J	142 S	143 K	■	144 J	145 W	146 U	■	147 A	148 E	149 R	150 I	151 V	152 C	153 G	154 W	■
155 D	156 W	■	157 F	158 P	159 X	160 A	161 H	■	162 B	163 W	164 U	■	165 N	166 H	167 P	168 W
169 U	170 B	■	171 G	172 F	173 C	174 I	175 T	■	176 T	177 I	178 R	179 U	180 L	181 Q	182 Z	183 S
■	184 L	■	185 M	186 J	187 D	188 W	189 P	■	190 K	191 Y	192 C	193 V	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 44 of this issue.

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